Saturday Review

JULY 11, 1953 / 20¢

MEL BOLDEN

MAN WITH A MISSION: Lodge of the U.N. . . . By John Mason Brown

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A marketable ability is the only true security

To Parents of High School Students in Search of a Career...

This may be the most important message of your children's lives

You spend many hours planning your children's future, looking for ways to save them heartaches in the days ahead and give them some good measure of security.

You should know that

> Today there is a rich, new kind of opportunity for young America!

The opportunity lies in engineering and science, where there is a tremendous need for trained young people. It is open to any young man or woman who is willing to work hard and to study high school courses like mathematics and the physical sciences in preparation for college engineering.

Here is what the engineering profession offers your child:

Interesting, useful work. There are hundreds of different engineering positions open, from bridge design to nuclear research, from product planning to salesmanship.

It is rich in opportunity. Today's engineering graduates find starting salaries higher than average. As for opportunity, 50% of the country's industrial leaders started their careers as engineers.

It offers a good measure of security. The need for trained men and women engineers will continue for years to come.

Don't cheat your child of a chance for betterment in the years ahead. Write now to The Saturday Review, Department A, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y., for free booklet, "Engineering As A Career" or inquire of your high school principal, math or science teacher, guidance counsellor, any well-known engineer in your community, or the personnel department where you work.

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▶ The National Travelers Aid Association finds itself with a new type of client these days—the American Indian. More and more Indians are relocating off the reservations in urban communities. The local Society helps each individual to adjust to the new environment, find his way about, locate housing, plan his budget, make friends.

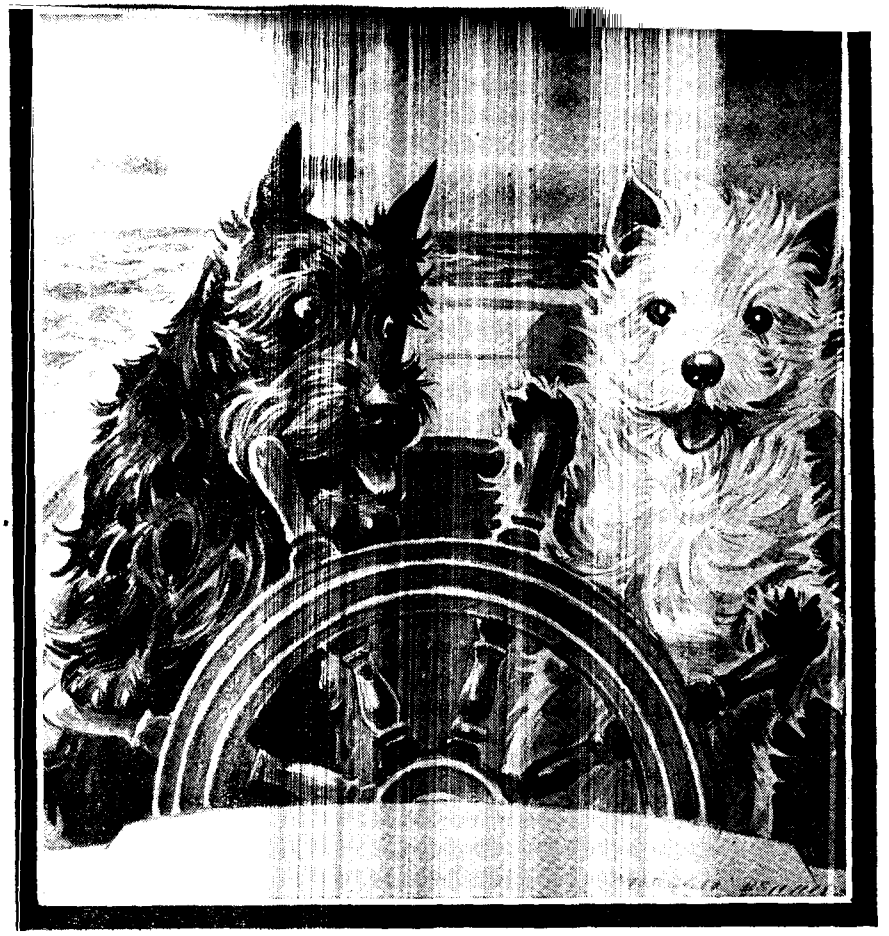
▶ Nearly a score of this country's largest cities have made jaywalking (pedestrian crossing against traffic signals) a punishable offense. Last year Detroit policemen made 35,000 arrests for jaywalking.

▶ Progress in airline safety is described in a report of the International Civil Aviation Organization, one of the U.N.'s specialized agencies. The world's airlines flew more passenger miles in 1952 than ever before, yet maintained the best safety record in history. The ICAO also reported further progress in standardization of air terminals and settlement of various disputes.

▶ The youngest U.N. specialized agency is the WMO, World Meteorological Organization. It is furnishing technical aid to several countries, like Libya, for the organization of weather services. These will aid all nations in reliably and consistently predicting the world's weather.

▶ The Community Church of New York, 40 E. 35 St., has begun a Tools for India Crusade, encouraging each American family to give a CARE plough or hand tool kit to one of the landless families of India recently given land through voluntary donation. The cost is $20 per family, and several hundred dollars already have been received.

▶ The 1953 Business and Industry Committee for United Nations Week, October 18-24, 1953, lists more than 1,000 of America's most responsible business firms as giving warm and enthusiastic support to the United Nations and its work. It quotes President Eisenhower as saying, "What we need most—and first—to give the U.N. needed strength and effectiveness is to believe in it. I happen to believe in it with my whole heart. I cannot overstate my desire to see the United Nations made stronger, to see it win more and more people to its support and to a greater determination for the practice of the principles it lays down." —Donald Harrington.



Smooth Sailing Ahead!

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I was talking to a friend the other day about the West, and in the course of the conversation he revealed that he had never been able to tell the difference between Omaha and Wichita.

¶ Now this state of mind is not unfamiliar in New York. And as such things go, my friend is more traveled than most, since he is not a native New Yorker. As a matter of fact, he came to make his fortune here all the way from Philadelphia.

¶ But it *is* true that too many Americans don't know enough about this country. And to those who, like my friend, can't distinguish between Omaha and Wichita, or between Columbus and Columbia, I recommend George Stewart's new book, "U. S. 40," the story of the highway that runs from Atlantic City to San Francisco.

¶ Stewart has followed the road west through Baltimore to Wheeling; across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to St. Louis; westward still by way of Missouri and Kansas to Denver; over the Rockies to Salt Lake, and thence through Reno and the Sierras to the Pacific.

¶ Although he deals with one road, Stewart has compiled a book that any motorist can read with pleasure and profit. He discusses things that every traveler has looked at, but few have seen: cloud formations, fence poles, telegraph lines, small-town architecture, and why roads have been placed where they are.

¶ Above all, he gives you a wonderful feeling about traveling in America. I've lent the book to my friend. Even though U. S. 40 doesn't go through Omaha or Wichita, he will be able to tell them apart after he has read it.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company of New York. "U. S. 40" is published by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. Omaha is in Nebraska; Wichita is in Kansas.

(Advertisement)

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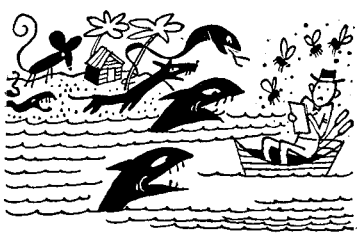
TRADE Winds

TO A VACATION-MINDED COLUMNIST with one eye cocked on far, open spaces (Laura Hobson takes over TRADE WINDS next week for the balance o' the summer) Robb White's newly published "Our Virgin Island" (Doubleday) is a positive siren song. For Mr. White and his socialite bride had the initiative and gumption to strike out in brand-new directions for a base where he could pursue his literary career for a tiny fraction of what it would have cost him in a big city.

Not that he didn't carry things a bit far for the average cautious and comfort-conscious citizen! The house he picked in Sea Cow Bay, on the island of Tortola, had no heat, no light, no windows, and was filled with insects, not to mention occasional rats and mongooses. The final straw, however, was his discovery that his castle was



located smack in the middle of a wild-dog trail. Every other night or so a yelping, snarling pack would break into the house on their way through to the other side. In order to get any writing done at all White had to put his typewriter into a rowboat and work offshore, far enough out to avoid sandflies and inquisitive natives, near enough to keep from being nibbled at by hungry sharks.

Once they decided to leave Sea Cow Bay the Whites explored such other Virgin Island landmarks as Fallen Jerusalem, West Dog, Cockroach Island, Necker Pass, and Fat Hog Bay. Finally, for sixty dollars, they purchased the whole of Marina Cay, their own Virgin Island.

Shortly after their arrival they received their first cable, which read, "Air *Herald Tribune* pic Irita Van Doren." Mrs. White, alas, had never heard of Irita, and figured she was probably an old girl friend of her husband's whose picture was needed for the Rogues' Gallery, or an Atlantic City beauty contest, or something of that sort. She was reassured only when a follow-up letter explained that White's "Smuggler's Sloop" had won a *Herald Trib* prize as best older boys' book of the year, and that it was *his* picture that was wanted for the first page of the *Book Review*.

With the prize money the Whites were able to hire a cook. His name was Basil. On his first trip from the kitchen Basil fell down the dining-room steps and landed on a tray of hors d'oeuvres, but he picked himself up immediately and announced blandly, "Self-recommendation is no praise." Basil caused the Whites most annoyance by an incurable habit of cooling off his stomach by sticking it into their kerosene refrigerator.

Best thing that happened to Robb White at Marina Cay, before he left for a hitch in the Navy, was the time he received a mysterious message urging, "Please leave your light burning tonight." Turned out a band of smugglers wanted to use it for navigating. Appreciative smugglers, too. Deposited a case of French champagne on the beach for him with a note of thanks!

"Our Virgin Island" makes exhilarating reading.

ANOTHER NEW DOUBLEDAY BOOK that captured my fancy is foreign correspondent Bob St. John's "This Was My World," the story of his early career as a newspaperman.

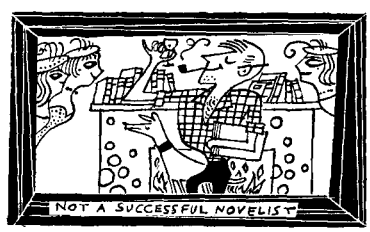
St. John was raised in Oak Park, Illinois, and one of his boyhood chums was Ernest Hemingway. He tells of how Mr. H. first became fond of fishing in the nearby Des Plaines River, and then would playfully dispose of his catch in the Oak Park Reservoir. Thus, years later, when the Reservoir was demolished, the city fathers were amazed to find the bottom full of fish, though there was a ten-foot fence around it and filters on all pipes leading into it.

St. John and Hemingway had the same teacher of English composition in high school, but she begged both of them to drop the course, explaining, "Your writing is impossible."

Some time later St. John entered Trinity College in Hartford and met a temporary resident of that fair city named Sinclair Lewis. Lewis gave a whopping party to which he carefully invited all the local celebrities who hated each other most. When the guests were sufficiently infuriated Lewis spread a sheet on the parlor floor, stood the men and women alternately around it, and instructed each lady to put her right hand on the left shoulder of her escort. With her left hand she was told to take off their eyes and count to fifty.

Under the personal magnetism of Lewis everybody complied. While they were counting he gathered up the sheet and hurled the shoes, one by one, as far as he could into the Connecticut darkness. Shortly thereafter Mr. Lewis left Hartford, and Mrs. Lewis left him.

I STARTED SOMETHING when I asked TRADE WINDS readers how *not* to depict a successful novelist! Mrs. Horace Street, Mrs. Suzanne Connell, and Philip Marchant all agree that he must *not* smoke a pipe, wear shaggy tweeds, or balance a cocktail glass in front of either a roaring fireplace or pine paneling, making supercilious remarks to fascinating females, or carelessly opening his shirt at the throat to reveal a hairy "manly" chest. Dorothy McCleary decrees, "No dog at his side, if you please—specifically no boxer, bull, police, pinscher, or collie." Bill Bennett prohibits "smashing a highball glass into the fireplace when the new novel bogs down and the author turns to grog for escape." Bob Downing adds this warning to the dramatist: No lines such as "I know you're my agent, Stan—but you're also my friend"; "Sorry, Nan—you run along with Jeff. I've got to check the galleys of my new book"; or "It's *your* book, Grace. Without you I never could have finished it!" Will Saltonstall comments with some bitterness, "Heaven forbid that a successful novelist be depicted actually writing today. Show him endorsing whiskeys and shaving creams, or being interviewed by some fool woman on television, or bumming around the Riviera with some other author's



wife, and you'll be a lot nearer the true picture." . . . I'll save other comments for my return early in October.

A SHOWDOWN IS LIKELY SOON in the paperback book field. Sales have tapered off approximately 8 to 10 per cent from their peak, but the wholesale distributors are being asked to accept more and more stock from competition-conscious publishers. As a result, there are today approximately fifty million "undigested" paperbacks in the field, not only un-

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

EDITH WHARTON
By Blake Nevius

A close analysis and appraisal of the fiction of Mrs. Wharton, one of our most successful novelists of manners. Mr. Nevius redirects our attention to what is most valuable in her works, showing the range of her speculation and the modernity of her quest in fiction. The themes of her novels and stories, their sources in her life, her literary interests, and the society in which she moved—all these are scrutinized in this comprehensive critical study. 284 pages. $3.75

BOX, PIT, AND GALLERY
By James J. Lynch

The theater audience in Johnson's day included nearly all strata of society from the aristocracy (box) through the middle, shopkeeping, professional class (pit) to the servants (gallery). This study of the theater in mid-eighteenth century London begins with the known facts—the plays that were staged, the theater managers, the leading actors and playwrights—and disentangles the various threads of influence upon the theater. The reader will discover that many aspects of the theater as we know it today—the attention to physical details of performance, the lack of emphasis on dramatic writing, the "star" system—had their origins in eighteenth-century London. 374 pages. $5.00

STEELE AT DRURY LANE
By John Loftis

Sir Richard Steele is one of the many English men of letters who were associated with a distinguished theatrical company. Following his earlier successes as playwright and essayist, he became in 1714 the governor of the Royal Company of Comedians acting in Drury Lane—a position that (except for one stormy period of suspension) he held until his death in 1729. This book is an account of his theatrical career with particular emphasis on his Drury Lane experience. Steele is, of course, the central figure throughout, but the book is as much about the early eighteenth-century theater as about Steele. 268 pages. $4.00

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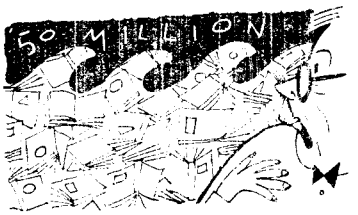
the wholesalers start dumping them back into the publishers' laps some of



the Ponzi-like shoestringers who jumped so joyously into the fray when everything was rosy may be singing a very different tune.

How much, actually, do authors stand to benefit by the new royalty scales and guarantees being whooped about so unrestrainedly by the publishers of paperback originals? To approximate an honest answer, I think you must divide authors into two classes. The very good authors—the ones who deserve, and always can get, liberal contracts from old-line book publishers, with reprints following as a matter of course—gain nothing, and risk a considerable loss in publicity and prestige, in my opinion. Precious few first-rank authors—or even second- or third-rank—have shown the slightest intention of shifting allegiance. For writers of run-of-the-mill Westerns and whodunits, however, for the competent hacks in other fields, and for fumbling beginners paperback originals provide not only a new and profitable market, but enable the publishers of sturdier stuff to make good, if they will, on their oft-repeated but seldom-kept promises to clear the commonplace and junk off their lists. I believe that in at least three out of every four cases to date the paperback originals have been worth exactly the fraction of a dollar—or less—at which they were offered.

THE CASE FOR SIMULTANEOUS PUBLICATION of a new book at two or three dollars on the one hand and thirty-five cents on the other has yet to be resolved. One of the very first books

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"How do you know," asked Charlot, "that they* will let you have these goods?"

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**American colonists of 1775.*

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Suite"—was eminently successful, but it has been held up so often as a shining example (with a subsequent publications on a similar basis conveniently ignored) that even its sponsors must be slightly self-conscious about it by this time. And might its author not have earned even bigger royalties if it had been available only in a three-dollar edition when all the favorable reviews came pouring in? The answer to that one never will be known!

THERE WILL BE SOME, I know, who will sniff at the foregoing paragraphs and say, "Hmphh! That's the typical reaction of an old-line book publisher." Maybe it is. Most of the time I lean over backwards to strive for a neutral point of view but, after all, I *am* a publisher, and now, on the eve of this column's being taken over by an author—and a very articulate one, too—I feel no need to pull punches.

Laura Hobson, surely, will present the *author's* viewpoint in the eleven weeks to come. I welcome her back to the helm of TRADE WINDS, and I'm sure you will, too. Me, I'm off for other fish to fry. Be with you again October 3.

Auf wiedersehen!

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 525

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 525 will be found in the next issue.

HEW WARTOWBRC KN

LWTOR EDGE WARTOWBR

KPG EDSL EFC LWR.

M. BFSGWQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 524

Habit is habit and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs a step at a time.

—MARK TWAIN.

She lives in a wooden packing box....

Vikki is an attractive little 2-year-old girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She likes dolls, and is a healthy youngster. But her future is dark and clouded by want and privation. She lives in a packing box—in a small town in Greece—with her widowed mother Sophia, brother George (11 years old), sister Mary (6½ years old), and her grandmother.

Two adults and three children—in a packing box as home—their only income is about *$6 a week* earned by Sophia from working in a weaving factory. Brother George, now a 4th grader, will go to work to help the family when he finishes grammar school. But that's four years away.

Her late father, who died recently in a trucking accident, provided for the family needs, but today there is not enough for even the bare essentials. Vikki needs clothes, shoes, and a new coat. And she must have more food. For us, it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—their only chance for survival.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Vikki or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year ($8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for $10 a month.

A contribution in any amount will help.

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ISLAND OF THE Blue Macaws

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

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"Breezy and hilariously penetrating," says the *N. Y. Times* of this inside story of six hectic and funny years as manager of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. "Full of chuckles . . . More than entertainment . . . a picture of what social life was like."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

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"This is the finest story of father and son understanding and devotion I have ever read. Character delineation, handling of plot . . . and a subtle overall mastery stamp this author as headed straight for the ultimate fiction heights."—DANIEL A. POLING, *Christian Herald.* $3.00

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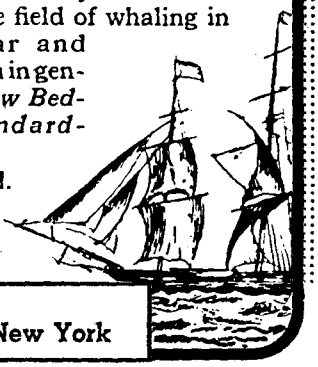

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Man with a Mission

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

The following article is part of a series of studies on eminent contemporaries by John Mason Brown. Mr. Brown has previously discussed ex-President Truman, ex-Governor Stevenson, and Sir Winston Churchill; he also reported on the Republican and Democratic conventions. This article is the first of two instalments on our Permanent Representative to the United Nations.

Part 1: Lodge of the U.N.

OF ALL the housing developments along the East River the greatest, since it is the home of man's hopes for peace, is the United Nations. The General Assembly and the Secretariat are buildings aggressively untraditional in their architecture. In form and detail they are as bold as the dream they shelter. The one is low with a roof line that, though interesting, is curiously swaybacked. The other is a towering rectangle, all marble on its narrow ends, all windows on its broad sides, which by its singularity catches the eye at once.

There are people, and plenty of them, who at first did not like the shaft of green glass and Vermont marble which is the Secretariat. But they have grown accustomed to it. They have come to see why, in a world threatened by war, a structure devoted to peace should stand up like an exclamation point. Perhaps they have sensed, without being aware of it, the rightness of those acres of windows in a day when many fear the light. Perhaps, in the same fashion, they have come to appreciate the assurance of survival that a house of glass represents in the age of the atom.

The missions of the sixty member-nations are not housed in the U.N. buildings. Instead, they are scattered throughout New York, a city so large, bustling, and self-absorbed that it has become a world capital without its citizens' being aware of the change or seeming to care. The United States mission is located at No. 2 Park Avenue. There Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., as our Chief Delegate, occupies the same corner office on the twenty-third floor which was Warren Austin's when he was our Ambassador.

Although many of the U.N.'s representatives can doubtless see the Secretariat from their headquarters, none has a view of it more emphatic in its contrasts than Lodge. Plainly visible to the northeast from the windows behind his desk is that soaring tower which is dedicated to peace. Yet in the immediate foreground, and diagonally across from his office, Lodge looks down on the Seventy-first Regiment Armory and the army trucks which sometimes choke 33rd Street. Sharp as this contrast is between the beckoning hopes and the bitter truths of the present, it is as realistic as Lodge's approach to his new task. The sight of an armory and army trucks in the foreground below him would not strike Lodge as an incongruity. Peace is the world's dream and Lodge's too, but he does not work for it as a dreamer.

If he believes in the U.N., as he does wholeheartedly, it is not because he thinks it needs us but because events have convinced him that we need it. This unflinching acceptance of the changed facts of a radically altered universe is what has turned Lodge, an ardent nationalist, into a

—*Wide World.*

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.—"a realist."

no less ardent internationalist in the national interest. A realist in public life does not waste his time or imperil his country by thinking of the cards he wishes he held. His job is to play the hand History has dealt, and play it as well as he can.

LODGE is essentially such a realist. When he was a year old, Henry Adams, a close friend of the family, thought he resembled St. Thomas Aquinas. Time seems to have lessened the resemblance. There is nothing of the visionary in either the appearance or the thinking of this remarkably handsome, dark-haired man of fifty who, being six feet two and three-quarters inches tall, stands out as something of a skyscraper himself both at the U.N. and among the members of his own mission. His features are clear-cut. His mouth is firm and his chin has some of New

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blue eyes sparkle with alertness. He holds himself well and moves with the same decision with which he thinks and talks.

When relaxed Lodge smiles with his whole face; when serious he concentrates with his whole body. From long years of political experience, he can turn on at will a professional smile which, though winning, comes near to being mechanical in its good humor. His real smile and the earthy, cannonading laugh which often follows it are as contagious and genuine expressions of gaiety as can be found.

His habit, while listening, of jiggling his right foot or snapping his right thumb against the index finger is not so much a gesture of impatience as an indication of his eagerness to get at the core of the subject under discussion. Most frequently at a party, or even among intimates, he is careful to wriggle out of final opinions stated in quotable form. Cagey no less than discreet, he enjoys evasion as a conversational game. He likes to pretend that, if only he were not interrupted, he would be able to give a definite answer, all the while that he is provoking interruptions, indeed making them inevitable, by challenging questions or deliberate overstatements so that he will not have to give the answer sought.

Lodge's evasions in private talk and his alertness to expediency in public action are not to be confused with timidity. He is plainly a man to whom fear is unknown and misgivings are uncommon. The sheen of success is on him. Ideally happy in his marriage and family life and free of financial worries, he has the assurance of a person born into "a social position unconscious of dispute or doubt" (to turn to Henry Adams again and borrow a phrase he used about Lodge's father, the poet George Cabot Lodge). This assurance was often mistaken for arrogance in his Harvard days and at the beginning of his career. It seldom is now—due to his own maturing, to his sincere interest in people, and, above all, to the Maggie Shand-like wisdom and sunny simplicity of his wife. The confidence Lodge continues to exude creates confidence not only among those working with him but also among those who see and hear him at the U.N.

WHEN he speaks at the General Assembly he strides toward the podium, carried forward by an idea. Clearly he is thinking not of himself but of what he is going to say. By birth one of the most Brahmin of Bostonians, Lodge is neither a Brahcent. His speech is precise without being clipped or flat and, except for a few inescapable throwbacks, is cosmopolitan rather than regional. His gestures, though forceful, tend to be tight and jerky, but his voice is deep and vigorous and his language blessedly bereft of the gaseous ambiguities of traditional diplomacy.

Since his first appearance as our Chief Delegate at the U.N. Lodge has been widely and properly praised for talking straight from the shoulder. His speeches have been refreshing in their brevity and have avoided oratory for pungency. They have made their points sharply in terms simple enough to be understood by everyone everywhere. An example was the way in which Lodge pounced upon a statement made to him by the Soviet representative to the effect that the United States was going to lose Asia anyway. "That astounding remark," said Lodge, "made me realize how far apart his view of humanity is from mine. The United States is not trying to get Asia. We have never thought of Asia as some sort of object inhabited by slaves which was to be won or lost by outsiders. We believe that the people of Asia, like the American people and like all other people, have the right to live their own lives and to develop themselves in their own way."

Four years in the Massachusetts Legislature and thirteen in the United States Senate have trained Lodge in the ready give-and-take of debate and the ability to detect and expose at once a weakness in an opponent's argument. The ten years he spent as a journalist before entering politics taught him that tomorrow morning's headlines are made from today's news. Hence his instantaneous answers to Vishinsky or Gromyko, in order to win for the American point of view the press attention which a night's delay would have given to the Soviets.

It is characteristic of Lodge that his first statement in the Security Council was a neat marshaling of "ten facts" which proved that the Rússians, in spite of all their claims to the contrary, had given specific aid to the aggressors in Korea. Lodge has a healthy fondness for facts. Among the facts he has long faced is that military strength is one of our best guarantees of peace. Few now question such a belief. Lodge, however, championed it in those almost forgotten times when most Americans thought that peace could be achieved by decent wishes and sacrificial gestures and when any mention of preparedness was anathema to liberals and intellectuals.

of Weakness," his only book. Its title explained the then popular attitude in this country which Lodge deplored. Although it was an indifferent tract and one for which its author now has little affection, it made its valid points. Lodge maintained we were living in a "softie" era and emphasized the dangers of peace through unpreparedness. He was for disarmament provided all the great powers would live up to their promises and disarm equally. Having observed the results of the Washington, Geneva, and London Conferences, however, he was opposed to having us face an armed world with inadequate or disproportionate arms. Never a militarist and too practical to be a pacifist, Lodge was prompted by his hatred of war to fight for the building up of our military forces before and after his election to the Senate in 1936.

HE HATED the idea of war long before he saw combat himself. Today he hates war as only a man can who has experienced its horrors first hand in Libya, Italy, Southern France, the Rhineland, and Central Germany, and whose younger son has recently been in Korea. Known as a non-interventionist before World War II and thought of by many as an out-and-out isolationist, Lodge never permitted his hopes of our remaining at peace to blind him to the need of our readying ourselves to resist attack. His voting record prior to Pearl Harbor may, in certain respects, have been elusive in its consistency, but

Study in Gray

By A. M. Sullivan

GRAY'S the password as you enter
To a world of nameless dolor,
Gray that saps the soul in winter,
Drains the retina of color.

Slow the pulse, and cold the burden
Of the silence pressing nearer,
Only dry stalks in the garden
Whisper words of frosty terror.

Walls cramp closer on the spirit,
Closer still the senses huddle,
Rabbits numb before the ferret,
Fear the old and shapeless riddle.

Moments halt at hearth and lintel
Till a crow caws in the bracken,
Now the snow falls white and gentle
And the spell of gray is broken.

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our defenses it followed a path as straight as a thruway.

He favored Naval expansion in 1938 and an increase in Army planes in 1939. The next year he was one of the earliest and strongest advocates of compulsory military service. In 1941 he voted for both Lend-Lease and an eighteen-month extension of military service. Our neutrality was Lodge's ideal but, as he once stated it in the Senate, the notion that we could be neutral and unarmed had always seemed to him false and dangerous.

Believing adequate preparedness was our best peace insurance, Lodge practised as an individual what he preached publicly. Summer after summer since 1924 he had interrupted his vacation to train as an active reservist. As a matter of fact, it was in the heat and turmoil of the Louisiana maneuvers in 1941 that he had his first meeting with an officer who has since confessed that the popping of photographers' flash bulbs was at that time a fairly novel element in his daily life. Inasmuch as the officer was Dwight D. Eisenhower, that novelty was soon to wear off. Eisenhower, however, was then so unknown outside the Army that when a picture was taken of him with two higher officers their names were correctly given but he was identified as "Lt. Col. D. D. Ersenbeing."

EISENHOWER, a temporary colonel, was chief of staff of Krueger's Third Army during the maneuvers, and the Senator a captain in Patton's Second Armored Division in Lear's Second Army. Although the two men were for the moment "strategic enemies," Lodge grew accustomed to having regular after regular speak of "Ike" as "a smart one." When he heard Patton, already a major general and as flamboyant and daring as he was to prove in Europe, say, "I'll give fifty dollars to anyone who takes prisoner a certain s.o.b. called Eisenhower," Lodge realized the colonel's special value to the Third Army. Their first conversation convinced him Eisenhower was as bright an officer as he was reported to be.

They were to meet three times again before Lodge traveled from Washington to Morningside Heights to warn the former colonel, by then the president of Columbia, that in the interest of a "modern-minded" Republican victory in 1952 it might be his duty to run for the Presidency of the United States. When Lodge said "duty" on that June afternoon in 1950 he meant it as surely as he knew that it, of all words, would have a special meaning for a soldier.

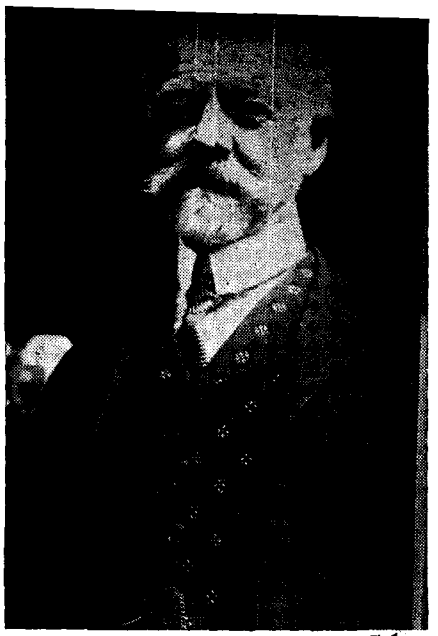
[redacted] duty has always been a [redacted] morning word. Public service, civilian or military, has been very much in the blood of the Cabots, the Frelinghuysens, the Davises, and the Lodges. The present Henry Cabot Lodge is the eighth United States Senator to have come from a strain which has produced a Secretary of the Navy, a Governor of Massachusetts, the present Governor of Connecticut (John Davis Lodge, the Ambassador's younger brother), sent several members to the House of Representatives, and played its part in most of America's wars from the Revolution to Korea.

By actions exceptional in the Senate's history Lodge was to demonstrate in the years following the maneuvers how urgent was his own sense of duty. The earthquake of an event, remote by the map yet so near in its impact and effects as to shake the foundations of the loneliest American home in the most serene of American landscapes, struck at Pearl Harbor soon after Lodge's first meeting with Eisenhower in Louisiana. A little more than a month before that permanently dislocating tremor, when tensions in our relations with Japan were increasing daily at an alarming rate, Lodge had voted against lifting the restrictions which kept our merchant vessels from entering belligerent ports.

His vote was in the nature of a delaying action. He knew from the maneuvers that we were not yet ready for war, and saw clearly (again as a realist) the dangers of declaring a war you would not be able to fight for six months. Although he recognized our neutrality had vanished, he still hoped our serving as an arsenal would be service enough and that young Americans would not have to be sent overseas. Pearl Harbor put an abrupt end to such hopes.

None of us old enough to understand the implications, national, international, and personal, of the news with which our radios assaulted us that Sunday will forget that afternoon or the sudden plunging finality with which what we heard shattered the world of our private living, planning, and dreaming. All of us can tell where we were, what we were doing, and what we were thinking as vividly as if that December 7 in 1941 were today.

That same afternoon at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Eisenhower was taking a well-earned nap. He was exhausted from the duties of the past months, which he had carried out so vigorously and well that he had been made a temporary brigadier at the end of the maneuvers. He had worked



—Culver.

The elder Henry Cabot Lodge.

in his office until noon. Then he had gone home, saying he was dead-tired. After lunch he went to bed, with orders that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed. In no time he was dreaming about the two-weeks' Christmas leave he and Mrs. Eisenhower were going to have at West Point with their plebe son, John. He had slept perhaps an hour when the telephone rang and his wife heard him say, "Yes? . . . When? . . . I'll be right down." As he hurried to the front door he told Mrs. Eisenhower that the Japanese were attacking Pearl Harbor and she had better turn on the radio. He added he was going to headquarters and did not know when he would return. "Well, boys," he said to the officers tensely waiting for him, "it's come."

AND come it had—everywhere and to everyone. Some eighteen hundred miles away, in the little Massachusetts town of Groton, Senator and Mrs. Lodge stopped for gas in the late afternoon of this same December day. They were heading for Boston after a happy visit with their elder son, George, then fourteen and a Third Former at the nearby Groton School. "Can you beat what the Japs have done!" exclaimed the attendant at the gas station. This was the first word the Lodges had of Pearl Harbor. Mrs. Lodge recalls how white and grim the Senator's face was as they sped toward Boston, listening to the radio in their car. Before leaving for Washington on the midnight train Lodge went on the air, urging all

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Foggy Bottom vs. the World

"The Challenge to American Foreign Policy," by John J. McCloy *(Harvard University Press. 81 pp. $2) is a short, challenging volume by a former Assistant Secretary of War and U. S. High Commissioner for Germany. Frank Altschul, who reviews it here, is director of the Council on Foreign Relations and author of "Let No Wave Engulf Us."*

By Frank Altschul

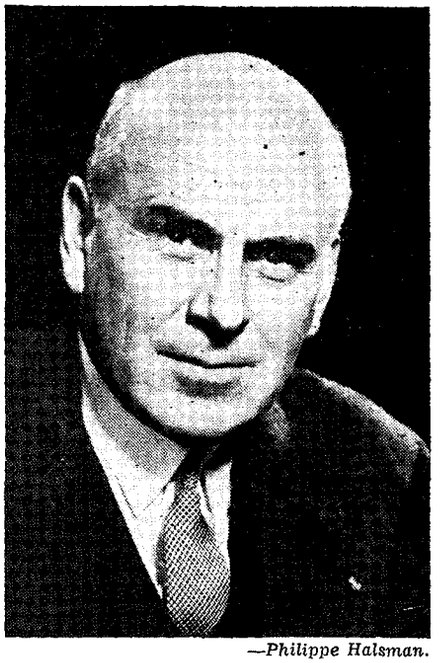
IN A provocative and timely volume based upon the Godkin lectures delivered at Harvard University last January, John J. McCloy draws upon the rich experience acquired during his service as Assistant Secretary of War and later as United States High Commissioner for Germany in an effort to clarify certain facets of "The Challenge to American Foreign Policy." In the first chapter, entitled "The Problems We Face," Mr. McCloy analyzes the challenge from without, which we have come to recognize as "the long-range threat to all free nations" posed by "the Soviet colossus." In two subsequent chapters he deals with the challenge from within—a challenge of which we are less fully aware, implicit in the manifold difficulties we confront in the making and execution of national policy.

The nature of the Soviet threat in its "political, military, and ideological" aspects is presented in brief compass at the outset. Politically, the Soviets' ultimate goal is "world domination." Any means are justified to attain this end. No moral scruples stand in the way of the use of military power or subversion. And wherever either method has been successfully employed, the last vestiges of human freedom and dignity have been extinguished.

The use of military power in Korea focuses attention upon the great preponderance of the Soviet empire today "in the number of men, in divisions, and in equipment," and underscores the appalling danger which lies in "the incontrovertible fact that the Soviet forces are now supplied with the atomic weapon." The use of the ideological arm in Czechoslovakia warns us of the manner in which the path may be paved for bloodless conquest—a warning which it would be rash to ignore as long as the Kremlin continues to sow the seeds of dissension and division throughout the non-Soviet world with the obvious purpose of weakening the fibre of prospective victims.

To counter this many-sided threat, Mr. McCloy urges, as measures of paramount importance, "the establishment of the unity of the free world . . . ; the strengthening of our military forces; the maintenance of economic stability; and, above all, the development among free peoples of stable attitudes and firm adherence to the unchanging goal of peace and freedom in the world."

But while maintaining that we must be "ready to continue [our] present sacrifices, and if necessary to increase them," Mr. McCloy, unlike some of his contemporaries, refuses to lose sight of the hairpin turns so often a feature of Soviet policy in the past. He feels that the times are far too critical to leave unexplored any substantial indication of a change in the immediate designs of the Kremlin. Like George Kennan, he argues for the maintenance of a high degree of flexibility in the formulation of policy. We "must have the



—*Philippe Halsman.*

John J. McCloy—"wisdom, common sense."

mit our Government to take advantage of any true Soviet move to reach a settlement on concrete issues, however broad their implications." Then, addressing himself parenthetically to the argument advanced by the "so-called hard-headed realists," to the effect that what we need is "a cold policy dictated by power and what they term national self-interest," Mr. McCloy contends, in a refreshing and persuasive vein that, broadly construed, there is no essential conflict between national self-interest and "a policy based on law and morality" to which "the United States is directly committed" by its whole history.

The second chapter of this illuminating volume is of particular interest to those who have long been preoccupied with the growth of military influence in the determination of foreign policy. This is a development that became inevitable as appropriations for the Department of Defense grew to astronomical proportions. And it raises new problems regarding the respective roles of the civilian Secretaries and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

MR. McCLOY urges the consideration of a number of measures calculated to assist the Secretary of Defense in the effective discharge of the vast new obligations that now fall upon him and his principal subordinates. At the same time he recognizes the supremacy of the State Department in matters of foreign policy. To the end that this supremacy may remain unchallenged by any unwarranted intrusion into the field on the part of other agencies of Government, he pleads for "a sharp increase in the vigor and prestige of the civilian authority and particularly of the State Department." And he adds, somewhat wistfully, that "development in the power and quality of the State Department has not kept pace with our needs," an assertion that any competent observer of the Washington scene will recognize as a masterpiece of understatement.

Finally, turning to "The Execution of Policy," Mr. McCloy examines some of the reasons why in Europe "among the political leaders and the intellectuals, there is [such] a widespread disposition to question our ability to carry out a steady policy," why there is "if not an anti-American feeling, at least what one might call a skepto-American feeling." This is no doubt in some measure due to propaganda emanating from the Kremlin which has been so successful in distorting every phase of Ameri-

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is in part due to a certain parochial attitude of our own, based upon the failure of large sections of our population to fully appreciate the ideas, the hopes, and the problems which today dominate the thinking of people in other lands. On this account it is imperative at the very least that the representatives we send abroad should be given thorough training in order that they may approach their assigned tasks with open minds sensitive to the main currents, intellectual and emotional, prevalent in the countries of their destination.

IN THIS book Mr. McCloy offers, to a wider audience than he could reach at Harvard, much wisdom, much plain common sense. He leaves it to the reader to estimate, in the light of his personal observations, the extent to which the challenge to American foreign policy is at present being met. This prompts me to offer a footnote to what is intended primarily as a review. It is a somber footnote with which, needless to say, not everyone will agree.

Mr. McCloy calls for "the establishment of the unity of the free world." Yet there are strident voices abroad in the land which seem bent on undermining the unity which General Eisenhower, as Supreme Allied Commander for the NATO forces, did so much to create. He calls for the strengthening of our military establishment. Yet the suspicion persists that the requests for appropriations for the armed services represent a dangerous compromise between the views of the military, who have national security as their overriding interest, and the views of those in Government who attach supreme importance to economy and to a balanced, or nearly balanced, budget. He calls for the maintenance of economic stability. Yet at the very time when a fall in the price of many primary products together with a greatly expanded industrial capacity in the Western world suggests the possibility that we may be entering a period of acute deflation, the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board embark upon a program normally considered appropriate to check an inflationary boom, but more likely, under present circumstances, to precipitate a serious economic setback. Finally, Mr. McCloy calls for the development, among free peoples, of stable attitudes and firm adherence to the unchanging goals of peace and freedom in the world. Here, at least, as a nation we support his program with all our heart. The pity is that we do not always seem to support it with our head as well.

The Necessity for Honor

In Edward W. Barrett's "Truth Is Our Weapon" (Funk & Wagnalls, 355 pp. $4), the former Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs describes what we learned about psychological warfare during World War II and considers its potentialities for the current Cold War. His book is reviewed here by Harvard historian A. M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of "The Vital Center."

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

THERE is little new about psychological warfare, except the name. Propaganda and deception played their part in peace and war back when Birnam wood came to Dunsinane—and long before. What the twentieth century has added is its usual dose of scientific pretension and of bureaucratic organization. Even as late as the First World War, psychological warfare remained something of an individual art. But, with the Second World War, psychological warfare divisions, bureaus, and offices sprang up in every nation, psychological warriors swarmed on every front, and "sykewar" developed its own barbarous jargon, its pseudo-science, and its mystique. Warfare seemed almost to have achieved a new dimension.

Our American experience in psychological warfare from 1941 to 1945 was often chaotic and mad; and it had its wholly comic passages. But psychological warfare also scored some notable successes; and, in the process, it trained a number of shrewd and resourceful operators, men skilled both in the overt arts of persuasion and propaganda and in the darker arts of deception and subversion. One of the ablest of the pros in the propaganda field during the Second World War was Edward W. Barrett, who served in a half a dozen assignments in the United States and abroad and ended up as Robert E. Sherwood's successor as Director of Overseas Operations for the Office of War Information. When the Cold War revived our national concern about psychological warfare, Ed Barrett was called back to Washington. As Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, he designed and directed the State Department's "campaign of truth" of 1950-52.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Still the Voice of America."

"TRUTH Is Our Weapon" is a combination of reminiscence, diagnosis, and recommendation, roaming broadly over our psychological warfare experiences from the last hot war to the present cold one, and considering a wide variety of the issues which perplex and bedevil our psychological warriors. In a sense, perhaps, the book roams too broadly and pays the price of a certain diffuseness; one would wish, at times, for a more rigorous and thorough analysis of some of the psychological warfare problems. But "Truth Is Our Weapon" is informed throughout by the author's steady good sense, his expert knowledge, and his deep democratic faith; and it is probably the most useful contribution to our knowledge of the problems of psychological warfare since Wallace Carroll's "Persuade or Perish."

Ed Barrett fought hard last time to establish the value of psychological warfare as an instrument of national policy. But he is not one of those mad enthusiasts who see in psychological warfare a miracle weapon which will win our battles for us while saving us the expense, sacrifice, and risk of fighting them. For him, psychological warfare can be an exceedingly valuable supplement to diplomatic or military policy—but he sees it always as a supplement, never as a substitute. His sense of the limitations of psychological warfare gives him a weary skepticism before the enraptured claims that all we need is some new verbal formula to enable us to "recapture the psychological

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spiritual forces of freedom."

HE PROVIDES a clear and sensible description of Soviet psychological strategy and then sets forth the task for our side—the problems of neutralizing the Soviet psychological offensive, of strengthening our own bonds with other free people, and of carrying our fight for peace to those behind the Iron Curtain. He does not underestimate the difficulty of the problems, and to some of them he gives fresh and telling restatement. I liked particularly his account, borrowed from his wife, of the attitude of our allies toward the United States. "She says," Barrett writes,

> the attitude of other peoples toward America isn't hard to understand; it is exactly like the attitude of many American Easterners toward Texas. The Easterner admires and likes the Texan's frankness, vigor, and unquenchable optimism. He finds the wealthy Texan unbelievably generous and willing to spend money, but doubts that this entitles him to tell Bostonians or New Yorkers how to run their cities. He is struck by the bigness of Texas projects, but laughs at Texas boasting. He regards Texans as valiant, courageous fighters and wants them on his side in event of trouble. He would hardly be eager, however, to entrust them with leadership in delicate international matters; he fears they may be a little headstrong and trigger-happy.

Mr. Barrett, on the whole, rejects the suggestion that there is any single solution to problems of psychological warfare. He is skeptical of the quest for the magic document—the "charter of freedom" or whatever—which is supposed to electrify the world; but the results seem to have inclined him to agree with those who argue that "no simple, reasonably brief credo is practicable, that free men stand basically for diversity and resistance to rigid doctrine." If the essence of freedom is opposition to dogma, then perhaps the best way to present the cause of freedom would be, not through codes and catechisms, but through "continuous statement and restatement of the whole array of beliefs that so differentiate the way of free men from the way of tyrants."

I would wish that Mr. Barrett had made more of the point that it is hard, in a free society, for the propaganda stream to rise much above the source: that our propaganda, no matter how ingenious, is not likely to convince the world that we are very different from what we show ourselves to be in our daily life. This point is, however, implicit throughout the book. And, in a mordant chapter entitled "The Voice of McCarthy," he reminds the reader that "there is one threat almost as dangerous to American society as Communism itself. That, of course, is disregard of the principles of fair play, elemental decency, and innocent-until-proved guilty, for which the fathers of America fought."

"Truth is Our Weapon" is a cogent, hopeful, and practical-minded book. It provides a summary, readable and intelligent, of the American experience in psychological warfare; and it outlines with clarity both the possibilities and the risks in the days ahead. It will supply food for thought for anyone concerned with the future of American foreign policy.

Swimmer

By Robert Francis

I

OBSERVE how he negotiates his way
With trust and the least violence, making
The stranger friend, the enemy ally.
The depth that could destroy gently supports him.
With water he defends himself from water.
Danger he leans on, rests in. The drowning sea
Is all he has between himself and drowning.

II

What lover ever lay more mutually
With his beloved, his always-reaching arms
Stroking in smooth and powerful caresses?
Some drown in love as in dark water, and some
By love are strongly held as the green sea
Now holds the swimmer. Indolently he turns
To float. The swimmer floats, the lover sleeps.

Civilization's Arsenal

J. G. De Beus's "The Future of the West" *(Harper, 178 pp. $2.75) is a Dutch scholar's diagnosis of the crisis of Western civilization and prescription for its salvation. But—writes Professor Turner, Yale historian and author of "The Great Cultural Traditions"—it overlooks two important elements: Asia and Africa.*

By Ralph E. Turner

LIKE the storm-blown ocean pounding the dykes of Holland, the forces of destruction strike at Western civilization, and J. G. de Beus, good Dutchman that he is, in "The Future of the West" calls upon Western men to fill and lay sandbags against the raging waters.

How does he know that there is danger of engulfment? Because Danilevsky, Spengler, Toynbee, Ortega y Gasset, Sorokin, T. S. Eliot, and a host of lesser bank sitters along the stream of history have provided him with a chart of its present currents. From Danilevsky he learns that these currents are tortuous—"a post-civilization state of contradictions and conflicts." Spengler shows him Caesars, like King Canute, mouthing ineffectively against the torrent. Toynbee warns him that a "time of troubles" is at hand when, if sandbags are not laid by the "creative minority" (Toynbee also warns him that similar floods have seldom been so stemmed), Western civilization will "break down." Through the glass of Ortega y Gasset he sees the crest of the flood as the "masses," who "advance to the foreground of social life, to occupy the places, to use the instruments, and to enjoy the pleasures hitherto reserved to the few." With the eyes of Sorokin he sees the flotsam and jetsam of a "sensate" culture buffeted on this crest. Finally, in the faith of T. S. Eliot, he holds that the sandbags, if they are to be laid, must be made of Christian fabric, else they will dissolve in the mounting turbulence.

But with what will the sandbags be filled?

By considering this question, regardless of the right or the wrong of his answer, Mr. de Beus shows more originality than those who have made the chart he reads. In fact the importance of his short book lies in an attempt to give his readers what he calls "a bird's-eye view of the now living forces of our civilization."

He finds these "living forces" in

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both Europe and the United States. Since he holds that Europe suffers especially from disunity begotten by its nationalism, its future can be secured only by "unification." As evidence of the will-to-unify he cites the formation of Benelux, the Western union, the Council of Europe, the European Defense Community, and NATO. Political unification must be accompanied by economic integration. A single Western European market must be created, for only such a market can support the development of mass production that will put Europe in a position to compete with other areas and raise its standard of living.

As evidence of the will-to-integrate economically he cites the organization of the European Payments Union and the Schuman Plan. Just as the Toynbean "challenge" of disunity is being met by these "responses," so also is Europe's death being denied by creativeness in the arts, especially in architecture, cinematography, and music. But if Europe is to live, it must rid itself of two faults other than its nationalism: they are its "cultural superiority" and "poor relative" complexes. The first of these Mr. de Beus finds unwarranted, the second vitiating. By so speaking, he shows himself to be both more candid and more realistic than most Europeans.

SIMILARLY his analysis of the "living forces" of American life does credit to his realism and candor. Although, like other Europeans, he finds technology to be the chief expression of the American genius, he realizes that both American institutions and American arts embody creative forces. The principle, not the pattern, of the Federal System offers a solution to the world's problem of "outmoded" national states. American democracy and education together are a successful extension of the limited European concept of democracy to the twentieth-century democracy of the common man. They are "the true and specifically American contribution" in the field of domestic policy. So also does American foreign policy, as developed by the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, display creativeness, courage, and far-sightedness in meeting the great dangers that threaten the West, namely Communism, Asian nationalism, and the West's own internal weakness—national rivalry. In the arts American genius is alive in the drama, fiction, the film, and architecture. In Frank Lloyd Wright, he says, "the United States has given birth to a man who became one of the main founders of a style of building which in our firm conviction is

as important an artistic creation as the Gothic and Romanesque styles were."

Come peace or war, Mr. de Beus foresees the survival of the West. If coexistence with Communism is possible (and in his view there is no sensible reason why it is not possible), the East and West will draw together somewhat in the manner of economic development described in James Burnham's "The Managerial Revolution." Toynbean *mimesis*—the imitation by the masses of the ways of the creative minority—is carrying the modes of American life "over the world on the wheels of machinery." Theistic Protestant and Catholic Christians, Moslems, and Hindus will unite to defeat atheistic Communism. Finally, even if bad goes to worse, "As long as there is one soul alive who refuses to submit to the almighty power of Party and State, the creative spirit is not extinguished and will one day rise again to inspire men to revolt against tyranny."

In spite of Mr. de Beus's succinct treatment of the crisis of the West, his book fails both as an analysis and as an interpretation of the world situation. Because he is concerned with the survival of the West, he has no place in his discussion for a consideration of the Asian and African peoples, their needs and aspirations, and he has too limited a view of the world role of the American people. He fails to see that, since the American people have extended Europe's "limited democracy" to "the twentieth-century democracy of the common man," they have won the right "to speak for mankind." Because they have won this right, they must now identify themselves with the Asian and African peoples who have suffered from the restraints which Europe's "limited democracy" has imposed on them.

From Opium to Jets

Francis L. K. Hsu's "Americans and Chinese: Two Ways of Life" *(Henry Schuman. 475 pp. $6) is a fascinating, though not completely satisfying comparison of two peoples, writes Dr. Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

THE temptation to compare peoples is alluring, especially to those who have had the privilege of travel or residence among several of them. Such comparisons, if well done, are always stimulating, even if they do not bring unqualified assent from the informed, and are frequently illuminating. Francis L. K. Hsu gives us one of the best of these studies in "Americans and Chinese: Two Ways of Life." Born of Chinese stock in Manchuria and living at various times in several other parts of China, he has had unusual opportunity to know his own people and their culture. As a student in England with vacation travel on the Continent and for the last nine years a resident in the United States where he has journeyed widely, he has come to know the Occident and especially Americans. By applying for American citizenship he has made the United States the land of his adoption. He has read widely in both Chinese and English literature. His approach is that of the anthropologist, for that is his department in a leading American university. In his analysis of the characteristics and attitudes of the two peoples whom he knows best, therefore, we have a right to expect both information and insight. In this we are not disappointed.

Professor Hsu deals with a wide range of aspects of life, in each of them comparing and contrasting the United States and China. He deals with sex and marriage, with what each people has regarded as success, with their differing attitudes toward government and corruption in government, with their religious convictions and practices, and with the economic structure and industrial organization of each. In general he regards life of the United States as individual-centered and that of China as situation-centered. On this theme he rings the changes. In China, so he says, there is much interdependence and therefore a sense of security in the support of the individual, especially by the family, while in the United States there is much stress on self-reliance and the self-sufficiency

(*Continued on page* 46)

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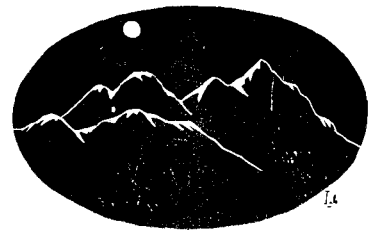
Eyes on the Stars



Why climb mountains? Three new books offer clues as to why men do: ***Felice Benuzzi's "No Picnic on Mount Kenya"*** *(E. P. Dutton. 238 pp. $3.75),* ***Eric Shipton's "The Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition"*** *(E. P. Dutton. 128 pp. $6), and* ***W. H. Murray's "The Story of Everest"*** *(E. P. Dutton. 193 pp. $3.75). Our reviewer, Ferdinand C. Lane, is author of "The Story of Mountains" and other books.*

By Ferdinand C. Lane

THE public, loving comfort and avoiding danger, has always found it difficult to understand the daring spirits who regard the conquest of mountains as the one supreme adventure. Such exploits demand superb athletic skill and training, a dogged determination, and unlimited courage and resourcefulness, things quite worthwhile whatever use may be made of them. And the rewards? To explore regions hitherto unknown, to gaze upon panoramas of wild beauty never seen before, to succeed where others have tried and failed,—that is to drink deep of the headiest wine life has to offer. More than an inkling of all this is given by three new books by men who had the urge.

The title of one—"No Picnic on Kenya"—is a masterpiece of understatement. The author, a young Italian, Felice Benuzzi, spent five years in Africa as a prisoner of war. From a prison camp near the Equator where "people do not live, they vegetate," he caught his first glimpse of Kenya, "an ethereal mountain emerging from a tossing sea of clouds—austere yet floating fairy-like on the near horizon." From that moment this weird volcanic relic, whose eroded cone culminates in Batian Peak more than 17,000 feet above the sea, seemed to hold for him an almost hypnotic attraction. In the face of obstacles that would seem unsurmountable, he persuaded two fellow prisoners to join him in an attempt to escape in order to climb that formidable crag. During a period of eight months they prepared their ropes and crampons, their makeshift tent and other bare necessities. Food that proved quite inadequate was accumulated from meager supplies. And then, after heartbreaking difficulties and disappointments, they made their escape.

Weighed down with heavy burdens, traveling by night to avoid contact with other humans, they penetrated the forests which girdle Kenya and entered the sparser scrub beyond. There, signs warned, "Beware of Rhinos." Unarmed, they came face to face upon a solitary bull elephant. A leopard snarled about their camp at night. They were racked by fever. One of them, crippled by a heart attack, had to be left in a base camp much too far from their goal where the sunset "spread a crimson halo around the blood red crags of Batian." The other two pressed on, ill clad and undernourished, from tropic heat into a region of ice and snow. The climax came when the author, scaling a perpendicular cliff, found that his "left hand gave way and for a moment I dangled above the Cesar Glacier supported only by the grip of my right hand upon a tiny hold."

They were reaching the limit of human endurance. From an extreme elevation which they estimated from the known height of crags below them as about 16,400 feet, the exhausted climbers were forced to descend. Benuzzi saw black shadows dancing before his eyes, heard a persistent humming in his ears. Weak from exertion and lack of food, "most of the time one of us was either falling or picking himself up after a fall." Staggering back into camp after eighteen days absence, they were given twenty-eight days in the cells, a sentence later reduced to seven "out of appreciation for our sporting effort." The history of mountaineering can hardly present a parallel to this mad but thrilling escapade.

The other two books are a distinct addition to the considerable literature about Mount Everest. The first, "The Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition," deals with the expedition of 1915 led by Eric Shipton, one of our greatest mountain climbers. His volume, largely pictorial, presents splendid views of the wildest, ruggedest region on earth. There, around the master crest of Everest, cluster Lhotse, Makalu, Cho Oyu, Guyachung Kang, and a score of lesser summits each worthy to dominate any continent save Asia. Mingled with them are awe-inspiring glaciers and tremendous gorges. Shipton found "the exploration of unknown peaks, glaciers, and valleys, the finding and crossing of new passes—the most fascinating occupation I know." And here at length he glimpsed what they were seeking: "a wonderful new route to the summit of Everest—this chance that we had scarcely dared hope for."

A WEIRD incident occurred when "on one of the glaciers of the Menlung basin at a height of about 19,000 feet we came across curious footprints in the snow." The superstitious Sherpas recognized them at once as the tracks of Yeti, those "abominable snow men" of mountain lore. Often observed, they have been dismissed as idle tales. But here were photographs. No bears had made them, Shipton was quite sure, nor yet giant Langur monkeys. But what were they? No wonder the natives picture those icy solitudes as the haunts of strange and sinister beings.

In the third volume, "The Story of Everest," W. H. Murray, an experienced mountaineer familiar with the region, reviews the various expeditions which have attempted to scale the world's loftiest height. Beginning in 1921, seven assaults were made upon this mountain by the northern route through Tibet. A possible approach led up the giant Rombuk Glacier though broken by a tremendous ice fall. This barrier was repeatedly ascended and camps established above until from the final outpost a dash was made for the summit. Each expedition yielded valuable experience for succeeding ones. For the conquest of this great peak was not a battle nor even a campaign but a series of campaigns. Small armies of porters were required, Europeans were forced to become acclimated to lofty altitudes, base camps had to be installed and provisioned. The weather proved the supreme hazard. For the icy gales which howl about Everest fairly stagger the imagination. Only during brief periods immediately before and following the monsoon is the ascent even possible. The climax of early achievement was attained on June 8, 1924. Two members of the expedition, Somervell and Norton, had already climbed to a height of 28,126 feet.

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Then Mallory and Irvine made the final attempt. When last observed they seemed to be approaching the summit. Then they disappeared into the clouds.

IN 1922 Mallory had written, "The single glimpse obtained last year of the western glacier and slopes [of Everest] revealed one of the most awful and utterly forbidding scenes ever observed by man." Yet it was from the south that final expeditions were compelled to approach, once the Tibetan route was closed by Red China. The 1951 Reconnaissance expedition through Nepal revealed the new approach observed by Eric Shipton. This led up another huge ice river, the Khombur Glacier. Its course was also broken by an ice fall bristling with seracs and scarred with crevasses. Up this dangerous ascent the Swiss Expedition of 1952 toiled and advance camps were established. In the last outpost Lambert and the Sherpa Tensing shivered in their tiny tent through the night of May 28, 1952. They had no stove, no sleeping bags, but little food. They spent the night slapping each other to avoid freezing. Yet next day they climbed to a height of 28,215 feet.

Finally, on the eve of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, word was flashed from Nepal that the British Expedition, led by Colonel John Hunt, had gained the sought for goal. On May 29 the New Zealander E. P. Hillary and the Sherpa Tensing stood upon the summit of the earth. Thirty-two years of courageous effort, costly alike in treasure and in human life, have been crowned with success.

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Everest glacier depot camp—"one of the most awful and utterly forbidding scenes."

Fastnesses of the Equator

Why do men explore jungles? Three different answers are offered in three books: ***"High Jungles and Low," by Archie Carr*** *(University of Florida Press. 226 pp. $4.50),* ***"Two Against the Amazon," by John Brown*** *(E. P. Dutton. 246 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Lost Trails, Lost Cities: An Explorer's Narrative," by P. H. Fawcett, edited by Brian Fawcett*** *(Funk & Wagnalls. 332 pp. $5). Mr. Hanson, who takes their measure here, is professor of geography at the University of Delaware and author of "New Worlds Emerging."*

By Earl P. Hanson

AMERICA's tropical rain forests, stretching from Mexico to far south of the Amazon, have never been truly "developed," largely because—no matter what some of my colleagues in geography say—it was too easy there for slaves, feudal serfs, and other victims of the degrading cheap labor idea, to escape and live in freedom, if also in poverty. Instead, and with certain localized exceptions such as the United Fruit plantations and Belterra in the Amazon basin, these forests have been overrun at times by waves of brutal exploitation, robbing them and their people of their wealth, and by numberless "explorers" (as used today the term is all but meaningless). One of the most fascinating aspects of the resulting rich literature is its wide variation from the sublime to the ridiculous, attesting to equally wide variations among its authors.

Archie Carr, who wrote "High Jungles and Low" about the lands and people of Caribbean Honduras, with a rewarding excursion into Nicaragua, is a biologist and naturalist in the best tradition of such giants as Henry Walter Bates, W. H. Hudson, and William Beebe. Devoted to his chosen work, with a poet's sensitivity toward man as well as toward nature, he has produced a fine and socially-conscious book. His descriptions of cloud forests and rain forests are beautiful, as are his sympathetic anecdotes about the simple, friendly, and abysmally poor people he found there—skilled foresters with a deep, rooted wisdom that is no less genuine for being salted with picturesque superstitions. Better than anybody else I know, he deals with the fascinating sharks and other "salt-water" fauna inhabiting the now-fresh waters of Lake Nicaragua. His diary of a month's timber cruise in the rain forest could easily be blown up by a lesser man into intrepid adventure: Carr's decency and sensitivity, his human respect and friendship for his guides, make it instead a fine contribution to the human literature of travel in those areas where travel is most rewarding for being least organized.

Like another modern naturalist, Marston Bates, Carr does much to dispel the stubborn, vicious, modern scholastic myth about the supposed enmity to man of the tropical regions and climate.

THE second book here considered surpasses in brashness even its cheaply clever title, "Two Against the Amazon." It seems that young John Brown didn't like the goings-on in postwar England and thought it a fine idea to go what he calls "exploring." Searching about for something nice to explore, he heard somebody say that the "true source" of the Amazon had never been located or surveyed. So he picked up Sebastian Snow, and got hold of a few instruments and

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some financial and moral support. The two of them spent some time in messing about in the Andean Amazonian headwater regions, to create the present book, which proves Brown's ability as a wisecracker to be something less than that of a Dorothy Parker.

I know and love the country they traveled in, as do thousands of others, and have heard nearly all the old gossip bromides that are here hurled at me with Jovian omniscience. I have no doubt that they—or at least Snow—did their instrumental work well; it isn't very difficult—if you can peek through a theodolite here you can do it in the Andes. I am duly awed by the hardships they endured so gaily in the interests of science. When poor Snow, for instance, was "alone" in the beautiful, lonely, high Andes (except for a few natives who didn't count), he opened some cans of sardines, and this constituted a "bestial stone age meal."

When Brown was going somewhere—I forget whether by truck or on mule-back, but there is nothing wrong with either—his morale began to sink. However, he records that "I had not descended to singing hymns. Snow and I had agreed that this was a sure sign of an impending crack-up."

MOST of his observations on everything from archeology to problems of Amazonian development consist of warmed-over gossip, about as accurate, and repeated with as real a regard for the land's striking realities, as the prize one that the Leticia war of 1932 began with a telegrapher in Iquitos who "was bored and tapped out a message that started a war."

The fact that Brown never saw the real Amazon, except for a brief visit by airplane to Iquitos, does not deter him from writing an appendix chapter on "The Amazon As It Might Be," giving hell to almost everybody concerned for going at things wrong. The wrongest of all, it seems, are the Brazilians with their humane policies toward the Indians, developed after centuries of inhuman policies had proved tragically futile. "Savages," says Brown ponderously, "are like children, and any show of weakness is fatal."

An Andean rainstorm dampened his passion for what he calls archeology, and caused him to comment nostalgically on the "gentle, clean, healthy" English rain—"with hot tea in thin china cups and buttered crumpets." He should of stood in England!

"Lost Trails, Lost Cities," by Colonel P. H. Fawcett, who disappeared in 1925 in the Amazonian wilds, and edited by his son, Brian Fawcett, has now been awaited and needed a good many years longer than Brown's book will be remembered. It definitely establishes Fawcett as one of the great Amazonian traveler-explorers of all time.

HIS romantic life quest, the search for a lost prehistoric city, was in the tradition of the old El Dorado conquistadores. His pronounced mysticism, his preoccupation with "vibrations" through which, for instance, that city came to be in some way connected with old Atlantis, may seem naive to the sophisticated; it is not unusual in Amazonia and even among Arctic explorers, and at times it contributes to the fanatical, fatalistic, singlemindedness which creates great explorers—or great anything else—of the Fawcett type.

Fawcett was above all a decent, intelligent (if somewhat warped) human being who threw off the shackles of modern scholastic dogmatism, was ridden by a veritable devil, and accomplished singlehanded wonders of Amazonian travel.

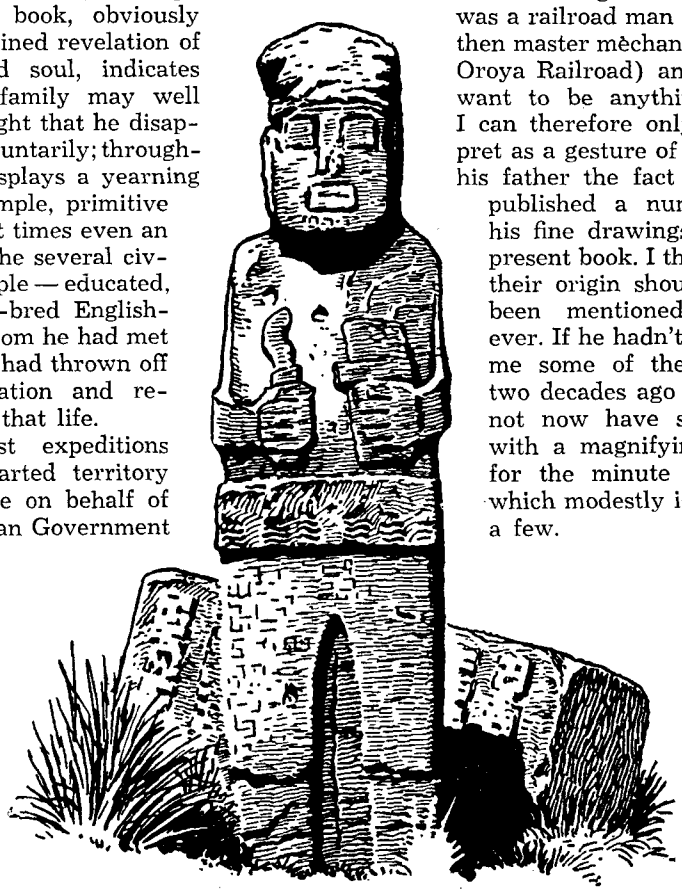
The main part of the book consists of Fawcett's own writings and has been withheld from publication by his family during all these years in the hope that he might yet emerge from the scene of his disappearance in the Xingú River region. The mystery of that disappearance has agitated the world, on and off, for a quarter century; his book, obviously the disciplined revelation of a tortured soul, indicates why his family may well have thought that he disappeared voluntarily; throughout, he displays a yearning for the simple, primitive life, and at times even an envy for the several civilized people — educated, university-bred Englishmen — whom he had met after they had thrown off all civilization and returned to that life.

His first expeditions into uncharted territory were made on behalf of the Bolivian Government early in the century for the purpose of making boundary surveys. His observations on the known, inhabited regions traversed, on the slavery and inhuman brutalities that were practised during the rubber boom, are hair-raising additions to the revelations that Sir Roger Casement made later of similar unbelievable conditions on Peru's Putumayo. His personal travel accounts are, again, the decent professional ones of a man to whom an adventure is an annoyance that hinders him in the fulfilment of his chosen task.

BRIAN FAWCETT did an excellent and restrained job of editing, with occasional footnotes and with a speculative chapter on what may have happened to his father—a chapter in which he displays his irritation over all the sensational hoopla "explorers" who have from time to time cashed in, with sensational publicity, on the tragedy of the Colonel's disappearance.

In 1932, in Peru, I talked to Brian at some length about his father. He also showed me, then, a series of fine pen-and-ink drawings of jungle-scenes, and even finer cartoons of contemporary characters, which he had created. I begged him to publish them, convinced that they would make him a reputation as an artist.

He refused on the ground that he was a railroad man (he was then master mechanic of the Oroya Railroad) and didn't want to be anything else. I can therefore only interpret as a gesture of love for his father the fact that he published a number of his fine drawings in the present book. I think that their origin should have been mentioned, however. If he hadn't showed me some of them over two decades ago I would not now have searched with a magnifying glass for the minute "B. F." which modestly identifies a few.



—By Brian Fawcett from "Lost Trails, Lost Cities."

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With Maw and Fang

Why hunt wild animals? ***Alexander Lake's "Killers in Africa"*** *(Doubleday. 290 pp. $3.50), reveals the fascination the sport holds for many men. Mr. Lippincott, who writes about it here, is himself a big-game hunter and the author of numerous books, including "The Wahoo Bobcat."*

By Joseph Wharton Lippincott

THE shimmering plains, the dank forests, and the rocky fastnesses of Africa, swarming with primeval creatures, come to us again with all their glory and terror in an adventure-packed book by a professional white hunter and guide. Though almost anything can happen in Africa, so amazing are some of the anecdotes Alexander Lake tells in "Killers in Africa" that their veracity is vouched for by the publisher!

Only occasionally do we find a great book on the same subject and in the same vein following on the heels of one as remarkable as last January's "Hunter," by J. A. Hunter, Control Officer for the Kenya Game Department. However, those who enjoyed "Hunter" will revel also in Mr. Lake's story, the latter being somewhat more diversified and pulling no punches in regard to either man or beast. Moreover, it covers some sections of the big game country not dealt with in "Hunter," and vice versa.

Lake starts out by stating that to a hunter who knows their habits, there are no really dangerous animals in Africa; but from that point on, he recites one terrific incident after another, with many fatalities resulting. A number of these he witnessed.

Nicobar Jones, an American who for almost fifty years was one of Africa's most expert hunters, taught Lake most of what he knows about hunting. It is apparent that he did a very good job. Those whom Lake guided were of many nationalities including American, and though some of them were poor shots or careless, and had fearful adventures with lions, buffalos, elephants, hippos, leopards, crocodiles, and other such non-playful brutes, he nearly always brought the hunters back alive.

Lake's book makes it evident that crocodiles eat more humans than do any other African beasts; that a lion won't attack from upwind and often warns of his preliminary approach by terrific roars; that a gorilla has never been known to hurt a human unless the poor brute had been badgered or frightened beyond endurance; that much of the commercial ivory ... from huge hippo teeth and wild boar tusks as well as from elephants; that to the average professional hunter, a charging rhinoceros is just a big, dull-witted brute making a fool of himself, and that a leopard, pound for pound, is the strongest, fightingest animal on earth. Also, that a man who violates the rules of sensible, safe hunting of even antelope takes a chance on being killed, hooked, knifed with hoofs, or trampled.

Among the most distinctive chapters are those which deal with crocodiles, baboons, and poisonous snakes, with second place going to chapters on the hippo and on the rhinoceros. The croc grabs many native women while they are washing clothes at a river's edge, men while paddling a boat or wading a ford or sipping water from a river. As to baboons, after futilily chasing some of them for days, Lake says he is not sure that he has more brains than one of them. He was nearly killed by big males that attacked, and he has seen a leopard torn to pieces by several infuriated old-timers who, amid shouts and roars of the rest of the troop, tore chunks of meat out of the leopard's sides not only with their teeth, but also with their hands; then they pushed it over a cliff.

Lake claims that when hunting in Africa the chances of being bitten by a snake are three times greater than those of being killed by a wild animal. He follows with many anecdotes of angry cobras, twelve-foot black mambas, the six-foot, tree-dwelling green mamba, vipers, boom-slangs, and all the grizzly crew. He calls the black cobra the most dangerous of the cobra clan because it can squirt poison in thin jets and hit a man's eye at six feet; poison in the eye can blind or kill.

In regard to rhinos, Lake seems to differ with Hunter on one point. He says that in certain seasons, the males fight each other sometimes for hours, and that one always dies. He tells of seeing a battle royal among five, each gashing, slashing, and puncturing the nearest to him until only one was left alive. On the other hand, Hunter writes that male rhinos seldom fight and, among themselves, are usually very docile animals.

The vividness with which he describes the antics of animals and hunters under various conditions will produce exaltation, amazement, goose flesh, and chuckles. "Killers in Africa" is a very readable book.

Who Upsets History?

Why dig up ancient ruins? ***Leonard Woolley's "Spadework"*** *(Philosophical Library. 118 pp. $4.75),* ***O. G. S. Crawford's "Archeology in the Field"*** *(Frederick A. Prager. 280 pp. $8.50), and* ***A. Hyatt Verrill's and Ruth Verrill's "America's Ancient Civilizations"*** *(G. P. Putnam. 334 pp. $5) record the fascination and some of the results of archeological activity. Mr. Robinson, our reviewer, is professor of classics at Brown University and author of "Ancient History."*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

AFTER World War I, Sir Leonard Woolley returned to Carchemish on the Euphrates, where he and Lawrence of Arabia had already begun excavation of the great Hittite city. The French at that time were fighting Turks, Arabs, and Kurds, a situation conducive neither to good work nor sound sleep. And so Woolley had to make a rule that there should be no fighting within four miles of Carchemish. When the Turks and their friends protested, he asked, "Right, you have come to fight, but what are you fighting for?" To which they replied with the glib catchwords, "For the Turkish Government and for Liberty!" "Exactly," Woolley answered, "and I have come here to dig for the British Museum and for archeology. Tell me, which is greater, the British Museum or the Turkish Government?" and ordinary politeness obliged them to say "the British Museum." "And which is the greater thing," Woolley continued, "Liberty or Archeology?" They had not the least idea of the meanings, but they did know their manners: "Archeology, by God!" they shouted.

Woolley tells the story in "Spadework in Archeology," a volume that is neither technical treatise nor autobiography. The book suggests in a couple of fascinating hours, as only a master's can, the varied experiences of a field archeologist during a long and distinguished career. His foremost thrill, perhaps, has been that of doing a job amid strange and simple people in distant lands.

The best way to understand the past, Woolley brings out again and again, is to appreciate the present, for the present of the various countries in which most archeologists work is to a large extent rooted in the past. With considerable justice, Woolley accordingly dedicates his

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Life in Small Boxes

*Three new short story collections—**James Ramsey Ullman's "Island of the Blue Macaws"** (Lippincott, 320 pp. $3.50), **H. L. Davis's "Team Bells Woke Me and Other Stories"** (Morrow, 300 pp. $3.50), and **Victoria Lincoln's "The Wild Honey"** (Rinehart, 238 pp. $2.75)—offer fresh evidence that there is still vitality aplenty in the short fictional form.*

By Charles Lee

TWO years ago just one magazine (*Collier's*) was averaging 35,000 manuscript submissions a year in the short story field alone. This fact suggests that Cleveland Amory's happy hyperbole in "Home Town"—to the effect that there were twenty million more people in America who wanted to write than there were people—was inspired by knowledge of the American passion to write oneself into fame and fortune.

The development of creative writing courses in universities is a story all in itself; the scop has turned in his harp for a typewriter, and the cyclotrons are not busier. Regional writer conferences are popping up on the landscape like flowers in summer; the leaves are in the grass; and where once were warning signs along the road against deer and cattle crossings will soon be banners proclaiming "quiet, tale-tellers at work" and "proceed cautiously, bemused poets cross here."

Students of the short story often begin by talking about fables, romances, collections of Greek, Hindu, Hebrew, and Arabian narratives, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Maupassant, and Chekhov, but they never get properly worked up over their subject until they deal with Poe and Hawthorne and the American development of the form.

Ring out the names: Melville, Twain, Harte, Bierce, Crane, James, London, O. Henry, Wharton, Lardner, Anderson, Faulkner, Hemingway, Caldwell, Thurber, Steinbeck, Welty, Stegner, Calisher, Capote, Boyle, Saroyan, and it becomes certain that in some particulars Americans like the short and snappy quite as much as they dote on the bigger and better. "To write a series of good little tales," wrote Henry James, "I deem ample work for a lifetime."

It may be that the sophisticated TV viewer is filling in the duller half hours with good stories, that the pocket-book audience is reaching into the bookstores, that summer is an obviously natural season for limited intellectual exertion, that an audience for excellence is always at hand, or that felicitous coincidence can explain it, but the fact remains that the collections of short stories are popular.

There are new collections by Salinger, Cheever, Jean Stafford, and Schulberg at the stalls, roundups like Stewart Beach's short shorts from *This Week*, promises of imports from the pens of Bertrand Russell (later this month) and Par Lägerkvist (November), all in all about twenty volumes, including three by such old fictional hands as James Ramsey Ullman, H. L. Davis, and Victoria Lincoln.

OF these the one most happily suited to everybody's porch or beach is Ullman's first such collection, "Island of the Blue Macaws." These seventeen stories attest to his versatility in style and his variety in subject matter. As you might expect of the author of "The White Tower," several of them are about mountain climbing, and you are not likely to find anything with more hole-in-stomach suspense at the stalls. There are stories about Hawaii and New Guinea as well as the icy slopes of the Alps, one oddity about baseball, a story about the fierce inhumanity of show business, several about war ("Chicken Dinner" is memorable), and even a fifth century re-creation of a typical follower of Attila the Hun.

Not every story is of equal merit, of course; one, "Girl on Horseback," rejected by editors for thirteen years according to the author's introduction, is defiantly included even though it proves that the editors were right. But the general effect is one of high professional competence. Mr. Ullman captures the terrifying dazzle of the Himalayans and the hibiscus and ginger blossoms of the tropics with equal [illegible] and he has genuine stories to tell.

[illegible] less frenetic, but equally expert [illegible] though more narrowly [illegible] Mr. H. L. Davis's [illegible] of short stories, "Team Bells Woke Me." The Pulitzer Prize [illegible] has here selected his own favorite thirteen stories (about which he comments a shade too admiringly in his introduction), and the first eleven achieve a unity of time, place, and mood absent from Mr. Ullman's book. Mr. Davis's West is of the turn of the century, of sheepmen and cowhands, of Oregon and the "blue-shadowed gorge of the Columbia River," of wagon freighters, of bronze-voiced team bells caroling in the country air, of Indian memories, and of legend-sized men who could dehorn bulls with their bare hands. His stories are packed with muted drama, realistic solidity, and rural wisdom; they nudge old nostalgias. Try "Beach Squatter" and you'll succumb to the magic qualities of place and emotion that are peculiarly Mr. Davis's. His team bells chime on long after the last page is turned.

Also more or less unified in tone is the fastidious selection (eleven stories plus a few interpolated poems) offered by Victoria Lincoln. Perhaps the feminine reader will be more susceptible to her psychological tales of children, adolescents, psychoneurotics, orphans, discards, and women facing middle age. Such a summation suggests dreary or at least disheartening reading, but the effect is different; her stories go to the heart, they touch on secret places, they light darknesses within, they are palpitant with deep knowing and with contagious charity toward the human condition. Nor are they wholly without humor. Her long Amish story, "Morning Wishes," is a comedy with hurt; and "The Understanding" is as unpleasant a comedy as ever Shaw or Coward wrote, the subject here being the "one thing more sordid than a triangle," namely, a square. Now and again Miss Lincoln is sententiously intrusive and occasionally her stories suffer from an over-refinement of the subtle, but they give you so much to feel and think about that you will not leave them without a sense of growth and gratitude.

Pack these books with the polaroids and the bathing suit; they're good for another kind of dipping, and on the rainiest day they'll contribute their own special touch of gold.

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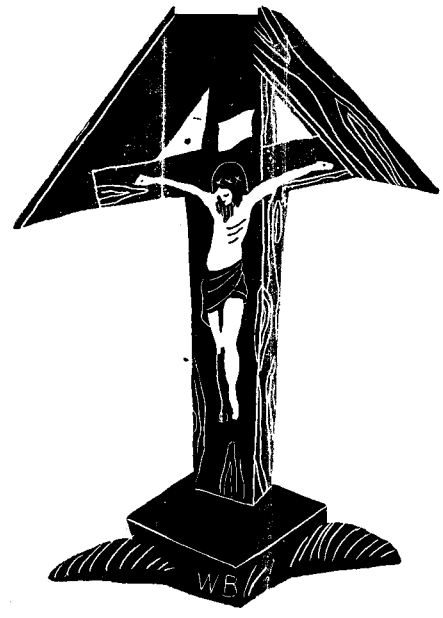
Workers for God



*What is a "religious novel"? **Thomas Savage's "A Bargain with God"** (Simon & Schuster. 243 pp. $3) and **Agnes Sanford's "Lost Shepherd"** (J. B. Lippincott. 316 pp. $3) give Edmund Fuller an opportunity to formulate a definition and to estimate the virtues and shortcomings of the genre.*

By Edmund Fuller

FREQUENTLY we hear certain books described as "religious novels"—an unfortunate and confusing term. It simply means that the novel is preoccupied with one or another aspect of man's religious life or experience. But it is almost impossible to write about life without writing about religion, if only inversely. James Joyce is anti-religious to such an extent that religion is a consuming preoccupation of all his novels. No novelist can write about Communism without finding himself involved with religious phenomena.

So the trouble with the phrase "religious novel" stems partly from the fact that all study of life runs into some aspect of the religious problem. Generally the phrase is used to tell us that the author is religious and that the book accords with the outlook on life of some one of the standard religious groups. Here the trouble is that if you start talking about "religious novels" from this point of view you are apt to end up on considerations of the merits of the religion and not of the merits of the novel; yet it is only as a novel that any novel can be judged, whatever its theme may be.

I have before me two novels, each of which has as its subject the life and problems of an Episcopal priest. Otherwise, in approach, style, and situation, they are markedly different.

In "A Bargain with God," Thomas Savage tells the story of elderly Father Ferris, an Anglo-Catholic priest whose dilapidated little mission church, St. Mark's, stands on Bowdoin Street, on the decayed side of Beacon Hill, in Boston. The only remaining resident from the days of this street's elegance is the wealthy, aging Miss Lydia Brummal, who lives across the way. She has just begun to be disturbingly conscious that time is creeping up on her and that much of what she relies upon is dust and ashes. The book tells how Father Ferris, who ministers especially to slum children, helps Miss Brummal to find that which is eternal in the very midst of that which is passing, helps the young couple, Johnny and Jebby, to salvage their marriage after the cruel, disruptive blow of a tragedy; and how, inextricably linked with these other actions, he averts the threat of condemnation which hangs over his church. All of these are works of grace.

In "Lost Shepherd," Agnes Sanford chronicles the spiritual crisis of a relatively youthful Episcopal priest, Paul Forrester, whose ministry has been primarily mechanical, technical, rather than a work of the spirit. A crisis confronts him with the inadequacy of his calling. Then he finds himself in love with the unconventional Burnett McNeill, who is religious in a free-lance way and believes that all the altar-ritual of Paul's church is so much hugger-mugger. Paul, venturing into the extremely difficult waters of spiritual healing and exorcism, and risking self-destruction therein, works out a spiritual regeneration for himself, for Burnett, and several other people.

BETWEEN the two books, Mrs. Sanford comes off least well. Her writing is on the standard level of women's-magazine fiction, and alas, so is her thinking, in spite of the undoubted honesty of her intentions and potential validity of her material.

It isn't that her concept is not real, or possible. It is her failure to create a real and believable world in which to set her people and events in motion. Her people bear a relation to flesh and blood, but not a very close one. The kind of incidents of which she has composed her story could have happened, but do not seem convincing in her context. Hence, what she has created is a sentimental romance on religious themes. It bears the same relation to vital religious problems that sentimental romances bear to the actual problems of the love of men and women.

Mr. Savage is a much better writer. His world is not strictly real, is somewhat sentimentalized, but he admits it tacitly, which makes his story acceptable as a warm-hearted fable. The harshest thing I can say of it is that it is, by formula, an Anglican "Going My Way." His very title, "A Bargain with God," is on the cute side. The best I can say of it is that I read it without pain and was touched by it at times. I admit I am prejudiced against "charming" religious stories. I am of a minority who do not like "Don Camillo" for a very similar reason.

Our times engender in many writers an unconscious fear, or shyness, at displaying a genuine religious emotion. Some won't do it at all. Some romanticize it, as does Mrs. Sanford.

Some give it a little touch of the fay, or the droll, running the awful risk of being cute or coy. C. S. Lewis, and recently Nancy Wilson Ross, are among those who have boldly tackled the religious theme in fiction.

Different though they are in story and method, the spiritual theme of these two minor books touches that of the finest "religious novel" of our day, "Cry, the Beloved Country." The difference is not simply in the fact that Mr. Paton's artistic endowments are exceptional. It is that he has had the calm certainty, as a Christian writer, to show the grace of God at work in a totally real, utterly appalling society. He did not mix selling ingredients of charm or romance or homesy-folksiness. He contented himself with simplicity, honesty, and faith.

As a result, the sophisticate, or any person indifferent to Mr. Paton's Christianity *as such,* is nevertheless caught up and moved by the power, beauty, and truth of his work. Conversely, no one can stand Mr. Savage's or Mrs. Sanford's books, I fear, if they do not approach them with an acceptance born of prior agreement with their premises.

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The War Nobody Loves

"The Bridges at Toko-ri," by James A. Michener *(Random House. 160 pp. $2.50), a short novel about jet pilots in the Korean War, is an inspired documentary, the best work to date of the author of "Tales of the South Pacific."*

By James Kelly

YOU are flying a carrier-based Banshee jet in the Korean war. At dawn, most days, you wrap yourself into many pounds of suffocating clothing and safety gear. You climb into a snug (but not cozy) cockpit which is lined on three sides by more than a hundred instruments and switches. At a signal, the giant catapult knocks you off into space at better than 135 m.p.h.—you and your nine tons of plane, bombs, ammunition. Now you're loose in the silent beauty of the clouds, one man beneath a silver canopy, whirling at nearly the speed of sound toward a designated bomb target or strafing run.

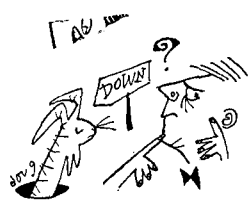
Supreme in the sky, you don't think about much except the job at hand. Swooping, dodging, pulling away from those quick puffs of death and destruction, there is not much time to brood about the wife and two kids in Denver. Or the law practice. Or other twenty-nine-year-olders like yourself who have not yet been awakened by the morning alarm clock that sends them off to a comfortable day at the office. For you are one of the "voluntary men" caught up in a war that seems stupider than most. The philosophical, hard-bitten old admiral in charge of Task Force 77 had it pinned: "Burdens always fall on the few . . . Nobody ever knows why he gets the dirty job. But any society is held together by the efforts . . . yes, and the sacrifices of only a few . . . Like the book says, you fight to save your civilization. And so often it seems that civilization is composed mainly of the things women and children want."

Right now, you've got to find that speck of a ship. You've got to summon enough fuel and skill to get you back there. If you *don't* make it, you'll be ditching in bitter Korean seas that give you a gamble of twenty minutes in which the helicopter arrives or you freeze to death. If you *do* make it, your job is to land on a 120-foot strip of pitching deck at 135 m.p.h. and, with the help of the landing signal officer, catch your hook on one of thirteen wire cables that are supposed to stop you before a nylon crash barrier does it the hard way. Harry Brubaker, the reluctant jet pilot with whom the reader of James A. Michener's "The Bridges at Toko-ri" memorably shares battle experiences, war-born ideas, and the racking tension of penultimate events in his life, puts it very simply: "Any time you get back safe, that day's trembling is over."

In the 30,000 words of this novella which was commissioned by *Life* magazine and published as a book shortly afterward, Mr. Michener turns in his best performance. Always an acute observer of human character ("Tales of the South Pacific"), usually a serious minded and formidably informed reporter ("Voice of Asia" and "Return to Paradise"), he has been less at home as a fictioneer ("The Fires of Spring" and sententious short subjects). But "The Bridges at Toko-ri," a honed-down story of action, ideas, and civilization's responsibilities, moves forward with the inevitability of literature. Call it an inspired documentary of a war scene. Call it ringside reporting of embattled carrier pilots as they take off, land, crash in the sea, or win and lose the big game with life itself. Most readers will agree that these men who fly the jet Banshee—perfect metaphor for modern war—share the same cut of elementary courage and dignity that held a *Life* predecessor, Hemingway's old man and his marlin. Remarkably true pictures, both, except that this time the scene is panoplied and full of heroic destiny.

"All through history free men have had to fight the wrong war in the wrong place." Harry Brubaker, flying off the carrier *Savo* is one of these men. So is Admiral Tarrant, in charge of the task force, who sees in Brubaker the man his son would have been. Include Cag, belligerent commander of the *Savo*'s air group. And Mike Forney and Gamidge, insubordinate afloat and riotous ashore, who know all there is to know about rescuing downed pilots with a helicopter. And Beer Barrel, giant landing signal officer who smuggles liquor aboard in

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

CHAPTERS ONE

Chapter-titles, a dying but not dead convention, used to be as essential to an orthodox novel as a hero and a heroine. Below are twenty titles of *first* chapters of as many novels containing clues to identification of book and author. Ten such conjoint identifications can be regarded as good, twelve as highly satisfactory, and fourteen or better as proof that the identifier is a man (or woman) of distinction. Answers on page 37.

1. Who Will Be the New Bishop?
2. An Event in Mr. Skellorn's Life.
3. Lieutenant Bligh.
4. Chiswick Mall.
5. Our Society.
6. Squire Hawkins' Tennessee Lands.
7. The Inmates of Raynham Abbey.
8. Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon, Donatello.
9. How Mr. Oxenham Saw the White Bird.
10. The Old Sea-Dog at the "Admiral Benbow."
11. Outside Dorlcote Mill.
12. Down the Rabbit-Hole.
13. A Face on Which Time Makes but Little Impression.
14. Amory, Son of Beatrice.
15. I Meet Sir Henry Curtis.
16. A Boy and His Dog.
17. In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity.
18. Of Writing Lives in General, and Particularly of Pamela; With a Word By the Bye of Colley Cibber and Others.
19. Initiation of the Canteen.
20. Of Bladesover House, and My Mother; and the Constitution of Society.

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returning pilot right in the palm of his big Texas hand.

These are the men we watch in the off-hand heroism of daily operations. We see them in moments of high comedy ashore in Tokyo where Brubaker is joined by his wife and children and the others conduct themselves in various degrees of natural violence. But across everything they do, every thought, every mood, lies the shadow of those three Communist-held bridges at Toko-ri. To destroy these bridges, Brubaker takes his turn in [illegible] passes up and down the heavily armed valley until a stray bullet sends him gliding toward a Korean rice field, far from sea and rescue. For these bridges, Forney and Gamidge join Brubaker in a Korean sewage ditch, still boldly contemptuous of death and the enemy who deals it out. And right there, in a climax as agonizing and saddening as any to be found in war fiction, the story ends.

Who would like "The Bridges at Toko-ri"? Who wouldn't? It's seldom that required reading is such good reading.

Rhinocerotidae and the Box Office

"White Hunter, Black Heart," by Peter Viertel *(Doubleday. 344 pp. $3.95) is an entertaining story, that just possibly might be based on real life, about a safari to Africa to make a movie. Mr. Carson, who reviews it here, is a veteran scriptwriter and author of that best-selling novel about Hollywood, "The Magic Lantern."*

By Robert Carson

HOLLYWOOD, harassed by electronic tinware on nearly every roof and a public growing apathetic toward even the popcorn and cokes in the foyers, has at least the consolation that the people who know her best—her writers—haven't forgotten her. If the time since the turn of this century is age and the narrow confines of self-imposed censorship is custom, then the movies are neither withered nor staled for the articulate citizens of our right, tight little Bagdad-by-the-desert.

Among these is Peter Viertel, an accomplished screenwriter, who deals in his latest novel, "White Hunter, Black Heart," with a man who personifies motion pictures. His hero, a director named John Wilson, is of the modern school; but he is in the direct line of succession from D. W. Griffith and James Cruze and that shining and active survivor of antediluvian times, Cecil B. DeMille. Wilson has the grandeurs, the complexities, the manias, the desperate apprehensions, all the inflations of temperament which afflict the mighty in the celluloid world. He's very real in print.

Mr. Viertel has been shrewd to select a director for his protagonist, since that particular occupation in films is the last and most important function and seems to wrap up the innumerable trades and crafts and professions which go into bringing substance from shadows. His man, successful, doomed, impetuous, brave, despicable, mean, and sometimes ingratiatingly honest about himself, goes off from London to make a picture in Africa accompanied by Peter Verrill, a writer who is to do the final reworking of the script, and who tells the story.

But Mr. Viertel is too shrewd simply to detail a movie location in strange circumstances. Instead he gives us a quick and driving narrative of a tired and indomitable and angry man (angry at himself for his unfulfilment in pictures), intent upon shedding a bit of blood before he does his chores. The cameras never turn here. John Wilson troubles his fellow men and manages to justify himself and comes a spiritual cropper both grievous and not finally damaging.

Happily—perhaps because of sheer geography—Mr. Viertel doesn't get entangled in the Romanoff's-21-George V axis. There is little of that fascinating technical talk of the movies which means nothing to the outsider. We get the Dark Continent, several fine portraits of the colonial Briton, and some rather dismaying studies of tropical life and backgrounds.

There are white hunters, Belgian officials in the Congo, a variety of natives, and enough fauna to fill in the scene. But, bless us, no Hemingway types. This in itself makes Africa appear strange and delightfully new. Nobody delivers repetitious three-word sentences or does anything "truly." Emotions are not swallowed. When you meet someone in a bush jacket you are reasonably sure he isn't going to bend your ear with an account of that breakthrough on the Piave in 1917. If you miss those desperate dames on the sauce and the technical-manual exactitude of how to perform sporting functions, you may still be quite comforted by how Beechcraft Bonanzas and Dragon-Rapides are handled over and in the jungle.

AS A matter of fact, no women of any dimensions are in this. It's entirely a story of men. I wish Mr. Viertel could have had an important one or two, to show the effect on his John Wilson: but I must say I'm happy enough with a kingly Hungarian producer, a pained Belgian game warden, and a watery-eyed English flyer who makes RAF understatement seem like outright bragging.

This is pretty much of a valentine to Mr. Viertel, and probably I oughtn't to temper it by mentioning he is a hard man on racial problems. He likes to get right into them, occasionally at length. I know they are always with us, and I'm on his side; but novels are novels and rarely handy soapboxes. Yet he makes up for this by flashes of perceptive humor which recall some of Evelyn Waugh's tropics. Possibly a few of John Wilson's conclusions about Life go over to the primitive side, but Hollywood is like that; we're a rough-hewn lot out there.

No mention of a book on Hollywood people would be complete without speculation on possible real-life models. Well, here's one that appears pretty close to what we are charmed to refer to as living persons. Neither the author nor the publisher seems at great pains to disavow any similarity, etc. But this is a good and wryly funny and honest book, and on the originals these portraits look good, to use the trade lingo; it's entirely possible they're better and prettier here than they are in the flesh.

—Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum Photo.

Peter Viertel—"funny, absorbing, honest."

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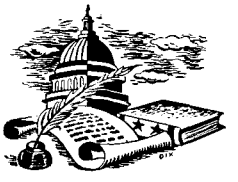
Books as Instruments of Freedom



THE censorship of books—those on the shelves of libraries in the United States as well as those in the State Department's information centers abroad—has been made one of the burning issues of the day. Below are printed the texts of the manifesto on book freedom and the resolution on overseas libraries unanimously adopted by the council of the American Library Association at the association's seventy-second annual conference held at Los Angeles late last month. The manifesto has been endorsed by the American Book Publishers' Council, to which belong the principal book publishers of the country. The men and women who participated in its drafting are listed on page 27. The text of a letter sent by President Eisenhower to the ALA conference is printed on page 25. William C. Haygood, a former director of the USIS libraries in Spain, tells what he believes the overseas libraries have accomplished and why the current book-censorship program impairs their effectiveness in an article starting on page 29. Finally, Judge Curtis Bok of Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas sets forth the importance of the freedom of Americans to read (page 27).

THE freedom to read is essential to our democracy. It is under attack. Private groups and public authorities in various parts of the country are working to remove books from sale, to censor textbooks, to label "controversial" books, to distribute lists of "objectionable" books or authors, and to purge libraries.

These actions apparently rise from a view that our national tradition of free expression is no longer valid; that censorship and suppression are needed to avoid the subversion of politics and the corruption of morals. We, as citizens devoted to the use of books and as librarians and publishers responsible for disseminating them, wish to assert the public interest in the preservation of the freedom to read.

We are deeply concerned about these attempts at suppression. Most such attempts rest on a denial of the fundamental premise of democracy: that the ordinary citizen, by exercising his critical judgment, will accept the good and reject the bad. The censors, public and private, assume that they should determine what is good and what is bad for their fellow citizens.

We trust Americans to recognize propaganda, and to reject obscenity. We do not believe they need the help of censors to assist them in this task. We do not believe they are prepared to sacrifice their heritage of a free press in order to be "protected" against what others think may be bad for them. We believe they still favor free enterprise in ideas and expression.

We are aware, of course, that books are not alone in being subjected to efforts at suppression. We are aware that these efforts are related to a larger pattern of pressures being brought against education, the press, films, radio, and television. The problem is not only one of actual censorship. The shadow of fear cast by these pressures leads, we suspect, to an even larger voluntary curtailment of expression by those who seek to avoid controversy.

Such pressure toward conformity is perhaps natural to a time of uneasy change and pervading fear. Especially when so many of our apprehensions are directed against an ideology, the expression of a dissident idea becomes a thing feared in itself, and we tend to move against it as against a hostile deed, with suppression.

And yet suppression is never more dangerous than in such a time of social tension. Freedom has given the United States the elasticity to endure strain. Freedom keeps open the path of novel and creative solutions, and enables change to come by choice. Every silencing of a heresy, every enforcement of an orthodoxy, diminishes the toughness and resilience of our society and leaves it the less able to deal with stress.

Now as always in our history, books are among our greatest instruments of freedom. They are almost the only means for making generally available ideas or manners of expression that can initially command only a small audience. They are the natural medium for the new idea and the untried voice, from which come the original contributions to social growth. They are essential to the extended discussion which serious thought requires, and to the accumulation of knowledge and ideas into organized collections.

We believe that free communication is essential to the preservation of a free society and a creative culture. We believe that these pressures toward conformity present the danger of limiting the range and variety of inquiry and expression on which our democracy and our culture depend. We believe that every American community must jealously guard the freedom to publish and to circulate, in order to preserve its own freedom to read.

We believe that publishers and librarians have a profound responsibility to give validity to that freedom to read by making it possible for the reader to choose freely from a variety of offerings.

The freedom to read is guaranteed by the Constitution. Those with faith in free men will stand firm on these constitutional guarantees of essential rights and will exercise the responsibilities that accompany these rights.

WE THEREFORE affirm these propositions:

1. It is in the public interest for publishers and librarians to make avail-

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expressions, including those which are unorthodox or unpopular with the majority. Creative thought is by definition new, and what is new is different. The bearer of every new thought is a rebel until his idea is refined and tested.

Totalitarian systems attempt to maintain themselves in power by the ruthless suppression of any concept which challenges the established orthodoxy. The power of a democratic system to adapt to change is vastly strengthened by the freedom of its citizens to choose widely from among conflicting opinions offered freely to them.

2. To stifle every nonconformist idea at birth would mark the end of the democratic process. Furthermore, only through the constant activity of weighing and selecting can the democratic mind attain the strength demanded by times like these. We need to know not only what we believe but why we believe it.

Publishers and librarians do not need to endorse every idea or presentation contained in the books they make available. It would conflict with the public interest for them to establish their own political, moral, or esthetic views as the sole standard for determining what books should be published or circulated.

Publishers and librarians serve the educational process by helping to make available knowledge and ideas required for the growth of the mind and the increase of learning. They do not foster education by imposing as mentors the patterns of their own thought.

The people should have the freedom to read and consider a broader range of ideas than those that may be held by any single librarian or publisher or government or church. It is wrong that what one man can read should be confined to what another thinks proper.

3. It is contrary to the public interest for publishers or librarians to determine the acceptability of a book solely on the basis of the personal history or political affiliations of the author.

A book should be judged as a book. No art or literature can flourish if it is to be measured by the political views or private lives of its creators. No society of free men can flourish which draws up lists of writers to whom it will not listen, whatever they may have to say.

4. The present laws dealing with obscenity should be vigorously enforced. Beyond that, there is no place in our society for extra-legal efforts to coerce the taste of others, to confine adults to the reading matter deemed suitable for adolescents, or to inhibit the expression.

To some, much of modern literature is shocking. But is not much of life itself shocking? We cut off literature at the source if we prevent serious artists from dealing with the stuff of life.

Parents and teachers have a responsibility to prepare the young to meet the diversity of experiences in life to which they will be exposed, as they have a responsibility to help them learn to think critically for themselves. These are affirmative responsibilities, not discharged simply by preventing them from reading works for which they are not yet prepared.

In these matters taste differs, and taste cannot be legislated; nor can machinery be devised which will suit the demands of one group without limiting the freedom of others. We deplore the catering to the immature, the retarded, or the maladjusted taste. But those concerned with freedom have the responsibility of seeing to it that each individual book or publication, whatever its contents, price, or [illegible] in accordance with due process of law.

5. It is not in the public interest to force a reader to accept with any book the prejudgment of a label characterizing the book or author as subversive or dangerous.

The idea of labeling supposes the existence of individual or groups with wisdom to determine by authority what is good or bad for the citizen. It supposes that each individual must be directed in making up his mind about the ideas he examines. But Americans do not need others to do their thinking for them.

6. It is the responsibility of publishers and librarians, as guardians of the people's freedom to read, to contest encroachments upon that freedom by individuals or groups seeking to impose their own standards or tastes upon the community at large.

It is inevitable in the give and take of the democratic process that the political, the moral, or the esthetic concepts of an individual or group will occasionally collide with those of another individual or group. In a free society each individual is free to de-

Eisenhower's Letter to the ALA

DEAR SIRS:

Our librarians serve the precious liberties of our nation: Freedom of inquiry, freedom of the spoken and written word, freedom of the exchange of ideas.

Upon these clear principles democracy depends for its very life, for they are the great sources of knowledge and enlightenment. And knowledge — full unfettered knowledge of its own heritage, of freedom's enemies, of the whole world of men and ideas — this knowledge is a free people's surest strength.

The converse is just as surely true. A democracy smugly disdainful of new ideas would be a sick democracy. A democracy chronically fearful of new ideas would be a dying democracy.

For all these reasons, we must in these times be intelligently alert not only to the fanatic cunning of Communist conspiracy — but also to the grave dangers in meeting fanaticism with ignorance. For, in order to fight totalitarians who exploit the ways of freedom to serve their own ends, there are some zealots who — with more wrath than wisdom — would adopt a strangely unintelligent course. They would try to defend freedom by denying freedom's friends the opportunity of studying Communism in its entirety — its plausibilities, its falsities, its weaknesses.

But we know that freedom cannot be served by the devices of the tyrant. As it is an ancient truth that freedom cannot be legislated into existence, so it is no less obvious that freedom cannot be censored into existence, and any who act as if freedom's defenses are to be found in suppression and suspicion and fear confess a doctrine that is alien to America.

The libraries of America are and must ever remain the homes of free, inquiring minds. To them our citizens—of all ages and races, of all creeds and political persuasions —must ever be able to turn with clear confidence that there they can freely seek the whole truth, unwarped by fashion and uncompromised by expediency. For in such whole and healthy knowledge alone are to be found and understood those majestic truths of man's nature and destiny that prove, to each succeeding generation, the validity of freedom.

Sincerely,

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

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determine for himself what he wishes to read, and each group is free to determine what it will recommend to its newly associated members.

But no group has the right to take the law into its own hands, and impose its own concepts or political conformity upon other members of a democratic society. Freedom is no freedom if it is accorded only to the accepted and the inoffensive.

7. It is the responsibility of publishers and librarians to give full meaning to the freedom to read by providing books that enrich the quality of thought and expression. By the exercise of this affirmative responsibility, bookmen can demonstrate that the answer to a bad book is a good one, the answer to a bad idea is a good one.

The freedom to read is of little consequence when expended on the trivial; it is frustrated when the reader cannot obtain matter fit for his purpose. What is needed is not only the absence of restraint, but the positive provision of opportunity for the people to read the best that has been thought and said.

Books are the major channel by which the intellectual inheritance is handed down, and the principal means of its testing and growth. The defense of their freedom and integrity, and the enlargement of their service to society, requires of all bookmen the utmost of their faculties, and deserves of all citizens the fullest of their support.

We state these propositions neither lightly nor as easy generalizations. We here stake out a lofty claim for the value of books. We do so because we believe that they are indeed possessed of enormous variety and vitality. Potentially they can move mountains of ignorance and prejudice.

We realize the significance of these propositions. They mean the dissemination of ideas and manners of expression that are repugnant to many persons. We do not state these propositions in the comfortable belief that what people read is unimportant. We believe rather that what people read is deeply important: that ideas can be dangerous: but that the suppression of ideas is fatal to a democratic society. Freedom itself is a dangerous way of life, but it is ours.

THE American Library Association has been intimately associated with the overseas library program of the United States Government from its initiation.

Under contract from the Government, it established and operated in Latin America the first libraries opened under this program. Most of the librarians overseas and the professional staff of the program in the United States have been members of this association. The association has been represented regularly on advisory committees and consultants' group established to give guidance to the program.

All told, hundreds of our members over the last ten years have had opportunity in one way or another to observe the operation of the overseas libraries at first hand and to make detailed professional judgments of their holdings, their services and their effectiveness with their audiences.

We know that [illegible] libraries [illegible] to the extent that [illegible] and [illegible] the policies of the United States.

With [illegible] we believe that they are [illegible] effective weapons possessed by the United States in the battle to preserve free men and free minds from the enslavement of Communist political and intellectual tyranny. We know that their effectiveness has depended on the conviction among foreign users that here was a free and open source of truth to which they could turn with confidence for information and enlightenment.

We have been dismayed by the confused and fearful response of the State Department to recent attacks upon this program. The hastily changed directives, the delays in the purchase of books, the charges of book-burning, the fear to buy any books at all have presented a shocking picture abroad and have seriously damaged the effectiveness of the program.

WE are therefore enormously heartened by the President's recent vigorous attack on book-burning. We support this position fully.

We reaffirm our conviction of the indispensable value of free libraries as the enemy of enslaved minds abroad as at home and our confidence in the professional administration of the overseas libraries.

We welcome the opportunity given the new administrator of the proposed independent international information administration to reassert the integrity and effectiveness of this program. A decade of world-wide experience makes it clear that that integrity and effectiveness require four things:

1. The libraries must express in themselves and in their services the ideas of freedom for which they speak.

2. They must provide a service of uncompromising integrity. Their usefulness to the United States rests on the assurance of their users that they are places in which to learn the truth.

3. The information administration must be free to use in its libraries what books soever its responsible professional judgment determines are necessary or useful to the provision of such a service. To deny itself the tools it needs to serve the United States for irrelevant reasons of the past associations of authors and in fear of domestic criticism is indefensible.

4. Though no one could justify or would seek to justify the use of the

ECA information center in Greece—"the battle to preserve free men and free minds."

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overseas libraries to disseminate the serial harmful to the best interests of the United States, it is unworkable to abandon the simple criterion of whether a book is useful to the purposes of the charter and to substitute a host of book-by-book and program-by-program schemes to determine the qualifications of authors.

The American overseas libraries do not belong to a Congressional committee or to the State Department. They belong to the whole American people, who are entitled to have them express their finest ideals of responsible freedom. In no other way can the libraries effectively serve their purpose, and in no other pattern can this association aid their progress.

The manifesto was drafted by:

Dr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress.
Douglas M. Black, president of the American Book Publishers' Council and president of Doubleday and Company.
William S. Dix, librarian of Princeton University.
Robert B. Downs, librarian of the University of Illinois and outgoing president of the American Library Association.
Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., president of Steuben Glass, Inc.
Harold Lasswell, professor of law and political science at Yale University.
John Cory, chief of the New York Public Library's Circulation Department.
Dan Lacy, managing director of the American Book Publishers' Council.

The following endorsed the document and many of them participated in the conference which drew it up:

Bernard Berelson, director of the Ford Foundation's Behavioral Sciences Division.
Paul Bixler, librarian of Antioch College.
Charles G. Bolte, secretary of the American Book Publishers' Council.
Robert Carr, professor of law and politics at Dartmouth College.
Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of directors of Harper and Brothers.
David H. Clift, executive secretary of the American Library Association.
Harold K. Guinzburg, president of the Viking Press.
Richard B. Kennan, secretary of the National Educational Association's Commission for Defense of Democracy through Education.
Lloyd King, executive secretary of the American Textbook Publishers' Institute.
Donald S. Klopfer, secretary-treasurer of Random House.
Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.
Milton Loid, librarian of the Boston Public Library.
Horace Manges, counsel to the American Book Publishers' Council.
John O'Conner, president of Grosset and Dunlap.
Leo Rosten, writer.
Francis St. John, librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library.
Theodore Waller, editorial vice president of the New American Library.
Victor Weybright, chairman and editor of the New American Library.
Mrs. Barry Bingham, wife of the publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal.*
Walter Gellhorn, professor of law at Columbia University.
Ralph McGill, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution.*
Thomas J. Wilson, director of the Harvard University Press.
Bethuel M. Webster, president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.
Whitney N. Seymour, a former president of the American Library Association.
Robert K. Merton, professor of sociology at Columbia University.
David E. Lilienthal, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Duty of Freedom

BY CURTIS BOK

BEHIND our freedom to read is the freedom of others to speak and to write. Legally, these freedoms are at a high point: any blatancy, however strident, is protected, and the temper of the times is such that at least in the field of the written word; obscenity, blasphemy, public criticism, and general outcry go relatively unscathed.

At the same time the freedom of silence is at a low ebb. If challenged or if seeking public employment, no person may safely refuse to state his loyalty, and it is the temper of the times to regard silence on this subject either as suspicious or as fatal to a man's desire to serve his community. This is nothing new in itself, since the refusal to speak required words has cost the lives of many people, from Jesus down through the saints and martyrs.

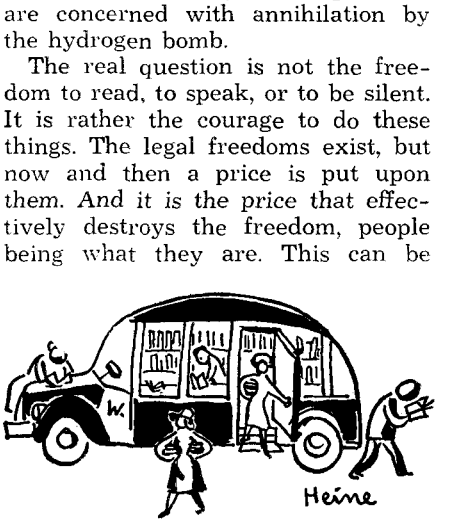
What gives the subject a fresh twist is that the suppression of silence, hitherto a weapon of tyrants, should make headway in a nation founded upon freedom of conscience. It is incredible that any part of American freedom should be considered weaker than the dangers that confront the country. Principles considered good enough to live by should be considered good enough to die for, if it comes to that. Since it hasn't come fully to that, we must be in a phase when weakness is being experimented with, as it was in Germany during the Thirties.

Our Anglo-Saxon system of law is not considered divinely inspired except as it reflects the best faith and conscience of those who live by it. It may therefore be regarded as an anvil on which we hammer out our social experiments, like prohibition, censorship, and ideological conformity. Behind the anvil is the force of public opinion, the real censor who controls our freedom to read, to be spoken to, and to be silent.

When I say that I believe in censorship, I trust you will read on. The following things are forms of censorship in which one may believe to greater or lesser extent: the general idea of law and order, the penal and civil codes, the tax law, Emily Post, custom and habit, conscience, religion, and the editorial process—not necessarily in that order. At the bottom of the list stand a few pale and timid moral laws, some of which become energized on rare occasions by the First Amendment to the Constitution. This Amendment compels us, if we think about it, to speak freely and fully, or answer for it. Nothing less than the whole truth will do, in the long run, provided it be in fact the truth; but the full light of the First Amendment becomes a bit embarrassing when turned upon some of the darker corners of our living. The trouble is not with free speech but with free truth, and this may be one reason why a book that has become a classic has little to fear from the law. Two things have happened to it: it has been accepted as truth, and perhaps on that account it has ceased to be interesting. We think we love truth more than we actually do.

TRUTH has a way of shifting under pressure. If you must know what truth is, Holmes said that it was what he couldn't help thinking, with the surmise that his "can't helps" were not necessarily cosmic. It is largely a matter of what agitates society at the moment, for while men are always on fire over their opinions, they are rarely so on more than one front at a time. For a long time the front was religious heresy, then it was political nonconformity, then it was sexual immorality, and recently it has swung to treason. Primary attention just now does not focus on heresy, political independence, or immorality so long as we are concerned with annihilation by the hydrogen bomb.

The real question is not the freedom to read, to speak, or to be silent. It is rather the courage to do these things. The legal freedoms exist, but now and then a price is put upon them. And it is the price that effectively destroys the freedom, people being what they are. This can be



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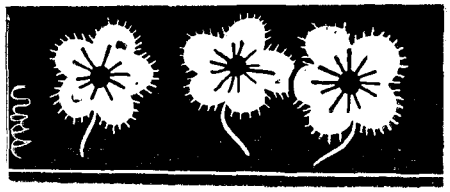
remain. So long as a man howl with the wolves, he may say whatever monstrous thing occurs to him: if he howls against the wolves, it may cost him his job, his social position, and perhaps his liberty. Free speech is at a minimum in the areas of the fighting faiths.

The reading public has little to fear at present from the legal censor. Last December a Congressional Committee published its report on pornographic material. It found that an appalling amount of it exists, mostly in little books. The Committee's conclusions are interesting. They begin with the statement that the members had found it necessary during the hearings to make public announcements that the very idea of censorship was as repugnant to them as it was to the publishing industry. Three recommendations followed: one, legislation making illegal the distribution of obscene material in interstate commerce; two, legislation authorizing the Postmaster General to impound mail pending hearings and exempting the Post Office Department from certain delaying procedures; three, an appeal to the publishing industry to eliminate "borderline" literature on its own initiative.

This very modest effort does illuminate, I think unconsciously, the real answer. Communications that reach the widest audiences are as pure as the driven snow through voluntary censorship. The movie industry has censored itself almost to the point of chronic anemia: state censors have little to do but look. Magazines with circulations in the millions are morally unobjectionable because of a sound balance between decency in their publishers and the knowledge that the public will not stand for lesser values. As for the nasty little books that circulate from beneath the counter, the best law to deal with them would be one to compel their display on top of the counter: dirt for dirt's sake flourishes best in the dark.

BOOKS appear to offend mostly because their circulation is in thousands rather than millions, and because what might otherwise be pure obscenity takes its place, as valid as it may be unpleasant, in any serious effort to show life as it is. Given such an effort, obscenity stubbornly defies all efforts to define it. Even the Congressional Committee could do no better, although it tried hard, than to assert that everybody knows what obscenity is, even if it is difficult to define.

This, of course, is arrant nonsense. The conception of obscenity



has run the gamut from the Victorian editor who deleted the word "chaste" because it was suggestive, to the United States Courts that cleared Joyce's "Ulysses," which contains all the four-letter words in the lexicon of impurity.

You need not worry about your freedom to read. There will always be a law against obscenity, for it is considered a handy gun to be kept hanging on the wall in case the situation should get out of control. But it is not the temper of the times to enforce it: even in Massachusetts, where they try the book rather than the publisher, the question is becoming residual and censorship is at most a minor annoyance.

It is not legal censorship that I believe in but the kind that exists in every person and flowers best in the free air of competitive discussion. It forwards the development of taste, and in the public market no holds need be barred. Justice Brandeis said in the case of Whitney v. California: "No danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for full discussion." It is hard to see how obscene speech could result in danger before the community had a chance to answer back. The public has been answering back since the time when Plato said that Homer should be expurgated before Greek children should be allowed to read him.

We are a very moral nation, and our high divorce rate has little to do with it. The primary cause of divorce is marriage, not sexual irregularity, and divorce will not slacken until we learn better how to marry. I do not believe that our morality was born of any law against obscene speech and behavior. The United States took its law from England as it existed at the time of the Revolution, and the entire English law against obscenity rests upon one Court decision in 1727 and one statement by Blackstone that obscenity was indictable at common law. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

For almost a hundred years after the Revolution we got along without laws on the subject. Suppression has been a phase. Today the consensus of preference is for disclosure rather [illegible] moral code. The present public attitude is that of the thoughtful gentleman who invented an eleven-foot pole so he could touch all the things he wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Hence I believe in the censorship of the open market rather than of the police station. A ban keeps up both the demand and the profits; when the market is open the demand seals itself off and is limited to the sick in mind and spirit who will be with us until we become wise enough to heal them.

Above the bare legal right to speak or to read is the courage to use these rights well: to speak clearly, bravely, and accurately, and to read with understanding. On the other side is the right to maintain a lighted silence, and this right must still be fought for.

FOR the first time in our history we are positively required to speak when we may choose not to speak, or we are frightened into silence when we might otherwise choose to speak out. This is a new kind of censorship for us, although it is not new in the long record of man's repression of man. If free and loyal men must swear fealty by words more stringent on the conscience than those required by the Constitution itself, then why not fealty to a particular church or political party or code of conduct? Men have had to do these things in the past, with their necks as hostage if they refused. It was not for fealty by fear that America was discovered, colonized, and matured. This is not the voice of America at Valley Forge, the Alamo, or the Bulge. It is the voice of the enemy within imitating the methods of the enemy without.

The freedom to read does not mean the right to sit by the fire with a book. It means the right to listen to a free voice speaking from the page, the right of that voice to speak fully to our condition, and our right to reply in freedom or to remain quiet if we will.

The voice is what matters, its quality of speech and its quality of expressive silence. It must be the voice of Jefferson speaking of the illimitable freedom of the human mind, and with him Washington and Hamilton and Lincoln and Wilson and Roosevelt. Why should the conscience of America be of less worth than when our enemy was on our soil? Unless that conscience is as good now as it was then, there has been a wastage of history. It is time, in the vitality of our liberty, to turn to the first principles of the American revolution, not to the fear or imitation of the methods of any other.

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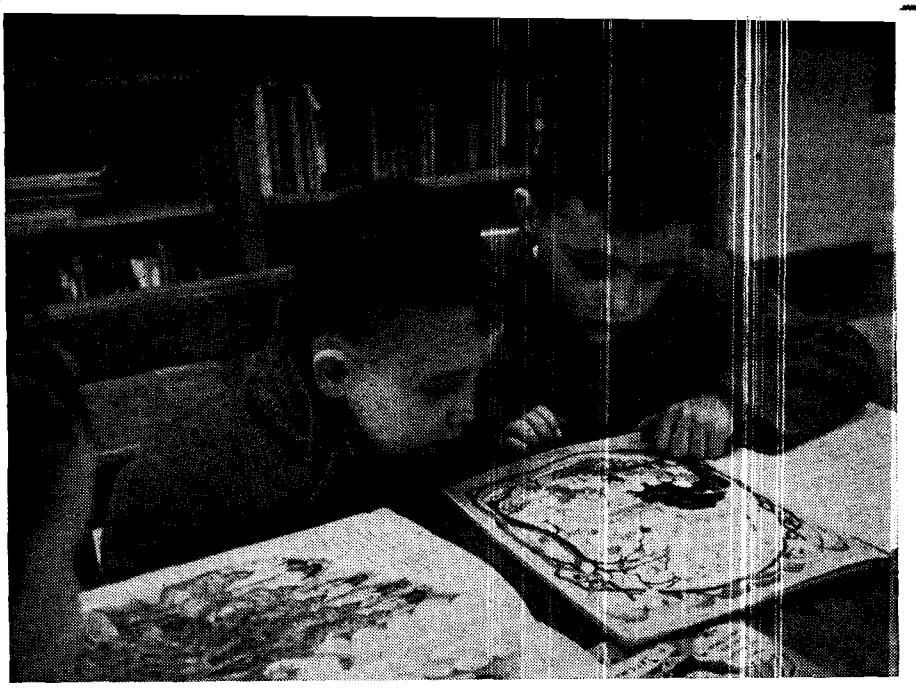

Learning about America in the Madrid USIS library—"miraculously unbarred shelves."

Enclaves of America Overseas

BY WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

MAJORCA, SPAIN.

IN THE irrationalities of our somber present, when powerful voices are raised against us on all sides, the current attempts to discredit and undermine the USIS libraries abroad through censorship of books are nothing short of tragic. To Americans living in Europe, who see these libraries as our most effective non-military means of retaliation against America's detractors, the tragedy is more immediate than to those who view it in abstract from afar—those who have never felt their spines tingle at the sight of a thousand people squatting on the cold ground outside a village, watching a film depicting the structure of the American school system projected onto a bed-sheet screen; those who have never read the grateful letters praising the Voice of America or the local broadcasts written and produced by USIS units; those who have never watched foreign children poring over American juveniles, or seen the absorption with which readers browse through the miraculously unbarred shelves of our Information Libraries.

The average USIS unit is divided into two functional parts. One deals with the "fast media," meaning primarily radio and the press, and distributes locally prepared materials aimed at correcting some stereotyped point of view about, or dispelling animus towards, the United States. The other is concerned with the "slow media"; it runs libraries, supervises a cultural program which attempts to secure exchange fellowships, and arranges art exhibits of American works, concerts of American music, and the like. The purpose of this second division is, through books and long-range education, to instil a more lasting and fundamental understanding of America than is possible in the case of the often fleeting impact of press, film, and radio.

It was these USIS units—representing years of imaginative effort on the part of thousands of people—that Senator McCarthy's two young investigators, clad in seven-league boots whisking them across Europe, were able so swiftly to assess, with the deadly shrewdness of a Spanish gypsy estimating a coveted horse at a cattle fair. And their fantastic conclusion that the libraries contained too few copies of the *American Legion Magazine* and too many of the *Nation* and *New Republic* revealed a depth of misconception about the purposes of the Information Program which is at once appalling and frightening.

As the ex-director of the United States Information Libraries in Spain, a post I held for two and a half years, I would like to explain the precise discovered carriers of printed infection, especially their policies of book selection since this seems to be the main issue. The State Department maintains Information Libraries in virtually every country where they are allowed to operate, and their broad posture in such captured nations as Hungary, Bulgaria, and China is one of the most telling proofs of their effectiveness. Most of these libraries are under the direction of trained American librarians, a large majority of whom have distinguished backgrounds in public or academic librarianship, many of whom relinquished better paid and less arduous positions at home to engage in what they conceive to be a vital national service. Working under them is a staff of native men and women, all of whom have been cleared by the local representative of the FBI.

The book collections of these libraries vary in size from a few hundred to many thousand books relating in some manner to the United States, their number depending upon the importance of the country in which the library is located. Every attempt is made to duplicate the kind of public service Americans expect from their own public libraries. Thus, all the technical apparatus of the librarian's craft are brought into play—index catalogues, open shelves (except in lands where it is clearly not feasible), displays, work with children, publicity, concerts and talks, adult education work, etc. (One of their most useful by-products has been the effect that American techniques have had on the libraries of the host countries.) They are actually what is termed "special libraries" in that they exist for only one purpose; namely, to interpret to a foreign audience the literature, culture, history, government, and foreign policy of the United States. Towards this end their entire resources are shaped, their books chosen.

NOW the burning question is, who are the subversives who allowed books by Dashiell Hammet, Agnes Smedley, Langston Hughes, Howard Fast, and other such writers to sully the clean shelves of our literary arsenals abroad? The answer: professional librarians, highly trained in the art of relating books to people and in selecting books in such a manner that the end product may be, in competent hands, a resilient, many-sided teaching instrument of great value. The bulk of the books are chosen in Washington by a handful of overworked, underpaid, completely devoted people. Theirs is a

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Open the Books!

ON THE second floor of a converted bank building in Taegu, Korea, I had an opportunity not long ago to see American books at work. Here, during the height of the war, I was able to observe the operations of our USIS (United States Information Service) Libraries, now the subject of a national controversy.

For an entire afternoon I watched and spoke to the South Koreans as they moved freely about the open book or magazine stacks. Some were refugees fresh from the war zone, now spreading fast towards Taegu. Some were youngsters of high-school age. Many appeared to be middle aged or older. Almost all of them were poorly dressed. Doubtless, some came in to stay out of the cold, hardly a crime in itself. But there could be no question that the library was doing its main job. That job was to be something of a display case for the American people, making known the fabulous diversity of this country and supplying basic information to counter the damaging things being said about us.

That job, too, was to provide direct help to people. I met a South Korean army doctor who was checking back through the files of the Journal of the American Medical Association for a paper in which he had a direct interest. A Korean who identified himself as an American-educated professor of biology said that his own home library in Suwon had been destroyed in the war and that the USIS Library had become his only research center. An expert from the United Nations refugee agency had come over to look up some research data not available at the U.N. headquarters.

Close to the doorway of this crowded, makeshift library was a news bulletin board and a table on which were placed our official publications. One was a world news roundup; another contained highlights from American documents on our foreign policy; still another was an attractive little booklet on various aspects of life in America, and on what the American people were doing to discharge their responsibility as good neighbors throughout the world.

Towards the front of the large room and next to the extra-large windows were the reading tables. Nearby was the magazine rack. Seldom have I seen the printed word or picture put to greater use. Some of the periodicals were a year or more old. They had been patched and repatched until they were hardly recognizable. But the young folks, bundled in their bulky rags, would go through them hungrily. The world that turned in front of them and that passed through their fingers was a world touched with magic, for it told of a land free of war where people lived in their own homes and tilled their own soil and sent their children to heated schools. I can't read faces well enough to tell, but I had the feeling that the emotion these young folks knew was not envy so much as wonder and perhaps even hope that these were the things Americans wanted not only for themselves but for their fellow human beings.

Frequently during the past few weeks, when our foreign book program was in the headlines, I would think of the USIS Library in Taegu and of the other American libraries I had visited in the principal cities of Asia, Europe, and North Africa. And in almost none of the news stories could I find the real story of the libraries as I had seen them at first hand.

THE real story would have told of the American men and women who went into the work of United States Information Service abroad, frequently at considerable personal sacrifice. Whatever the scoffers and cynics have said, these people were capable, conscientious, loyal, deeply committed to their jobs. As a group they could compare favorably with any other American professional group in or out of the public service.

The real story is one in which Americans can take justifiable pride. Certainly I know how good I felt when I saw, day after day, the tangible evidence of the effectiveness of our library program. In Hiroshima, for example, the American library had become something of a community center of ideas. There were public forums and lectures with the open stacks as background. The very climate seemed attuned to reconditioning, and our books were making a substantial contribution.

In Colombo, Ceylon, the only complaint I heard from local people was that the library wasn't large enough. In Calcutta I found the American library only after walking through involved alley entrances, climbing stairs, and solving intricate corridors. But these natural hazards did not keep the Calcutta library from being one of the busiest places in the city. In New Delhi I met educators who described the library as an indispensable adjunct to the local universities. In Cairo I met agricultural students who acknowledged their great debt to American agricultural research, as reported in books and professional journals available at the local American library. In Cairo, too, at our information service headquarters I found a highly efficient publishing unit that serviced the entire Near East with literature that kept us from running a poor second in the war of ideas in that part of the world. In Heidelberg and a half dozen other German cities I found people whose ideas about our country and our people were being shaped by their freedom to read about us, rather than by the stereotypes of hostile propaganda. The same was true in Rome, Athens, and Paris.

The big thing we had done in all these places, of course, was to say in effect: "This library is not large but it is fairly representative of the cross-section of American thought. These are the books we ourselves read. The emphasis is on non-fiction but that is because of the large num-

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ber of requests we have for books [illegible]
that fill the large gap of the war years in the technical and scientific fields, and because these books are directly useful in improving farms, in setting up health and sanitation projects, and in raising the living standards of people. The periodicals, too, represent a cross-section of what Americans read. They are intended for your information and enjoyment.

"Whether with respect to books or magazines, there has been no attempt to 'censor' your reading or to try to tailor your thoughts. Our libraries are intended as showcases of American freedoms, of which the freedom to read and think is the most important. If your ideas of America are clearer because of what you read here, if your local problems are closer to solutions because of the aid you find here, then these libraries will have served their purpose and the American people will feel fully rewarded for the effort and money expended in this work."

But in recent weeks we have stopped saying this. Instead we have said, in effect: "Many of the American men and women who operate these libraries are under suspicion of disloyalty by members of Congress. We cannot make a presumption of innocence in their favor. Not long ago we made such a presumption in the case of a highly placed official and we later learned we were wrong. And now we are carefully scrutinizing all personnel records.

"What is worse, there are books by Communists on the bookshelves of our libraries. These books must be removed. *There is no reason* why American taxpayers should buy books by those who would destroy this nation. Moreover, we have such little confidence in your intelligence, in your ability to weigh all the evidence on the basis of everything we have to offer, that certain books must be kept from you. In some cases we will even set a match to them.

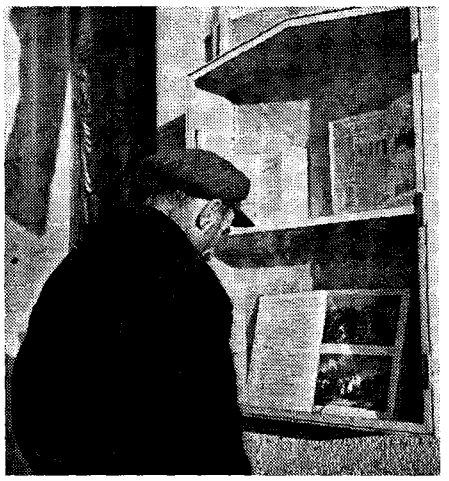
"In any event, the American people are not entirely pleased with the way this library program has been going and we intend to bring it into line. Incidentally, we are going to remove books by American authors who are in no way identified with Communism. They have written books that are controversial and so forth and the Executive branch of Government would rather not be involved in unnecessary controversy at this time."

IN INDIA in the spring of 1951 I was pitted against an avowed Communist in a radio debate. My opponent seemed bent on establishing two facts. First, that Howard Fast was the greatest living American novelist. Second, that the vaunted American cause Fast was banned in the United States. I rather enjoyed that debate because of the ease with which my opponent could be refuted. The first question obviously was a matter of opinion, and our Indian listeners were in the happy position of being able to decide for themselves. I could refer them to the local USIS Library; I could talk about the literary tradition in America, refer to specific books and authors, give my own reasons about the failure of Howard Fast to make the grade as a major novelist, and then invite the listeners to make their own judgments.

As for the charge of "banning," its absurdity became apparent in the very fact that Fast's writings were between book covers in an American library just around the corner.

It was good to be able to demonstrate that the American people had enough confidence in themselves, in their ideas, and in their freedom to be able to open the books, literally, for all to see. This fact carried weight at a time when we were trying to dramatize for other peoples the meaning of American freedom as opposed to the tight world of the totalitarians, where ideas must be cut to the measure of the state. The freedom to think was inseparable from the freedom to choose; and choice became most meaningful and productive when people had unobstructed access to ideas. These were telling arguments precisely because there was nothing abstract about them; we carried our showcase along with us.

THAT was two years ago. What would we say today? The Asian newspapers have given prominence to the official American admission that some books have actually been burned in our libraries abroad. Do we have any right to suppose that the news of our stumbling and fumbling over books



"Americans can take justifiable pride."

American cause throughout the world? What do we do about the charge that a nation that became great because of the free flow of ideas has itself become frightened of ideas? And if we take the position that we don't care a fig what the rest of the world thinks, what right do we have operating a foreign information and library service in the first place? The fact is that our standing in the world today *is* important: in fact, our security depends as much upon good will as upon any other effort we are making. That is why it is so ironic that through our own hideous ineptness we have done damage to ourselves far beyond anything done against us by the Soviet propaganda machine.

IT IS no reply to this merely to say that the American people have a right to protect themselves against the Communist conspiracy, and that they are under no obligation to support the works of authors who are identified with this conspiracy. This is a poor reply for two reasons. First, we must make a distinction between *ordering* books and *removing* books. There is considerable latitude in placing a book on the shelves, but an altogether different problem is involved in removing it once it gets there. Buying a book involves choice. Removing it, banning it, or burning it is an entirely different proposition. What is involved in this latter case is an overt act against the world of ideas. It makes pygmies of the burners and martyrs of the books and their authors.

There is a second reason why it is not enough to say that Americans are justified in removing books because the authors are part of a Communist conspiracy. This reason has already been demonstrated. Simply, it is this: we have proved we can't tell the difference between a Communist and a democrat. The order against books is an indiscriminate one. It is directed against books that are "Communist, controversial, and so forth." What is the distinguishing characteristic of a free society if not controversy? No government in history has known enough to be able to prescribe a diet of ideas for its people. And ideas to be any good must be able to survive the heat of controversy. Yet we have the astonishing spectacle of the American Government placing a ban on books that are controversial as being synonymous with subversion.

If the State Department thinks it can avoid controversy through its handling of the book program abroad, it has badly judged the idealism and capacity for righteous wrath of the American people. —N. C.

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ERRATUM

THROUGH AN ERROR of punctuation in the announcement of the Anisfield-Wolf Awards in the issue of *SR* June 20 it was made to appear that the awards were two thousand dollars apiece. As a matter of fact there are two awards of a thousand dollars each, or, in the discretion of the Committee, one award of two thousand dollars.

AMY LOVEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

QUITE

YOUR TIME-LIKE EDITOR deserves a reprimand. In recent issues he has pulled two beauties. In connection with the review of Sholom Aleichem's "The Adventures of Mottel the Cantor's Son" [*SR* May 30] he presented a photograph of the author and the quotation from the review: "five ordinary novels." The impression created by this blurb was that the reviewer felt that Aleichem wrote five ordinary novels. But the context for the quotation was: "As a novel, 'Mottel the Cantor's Son' is not entirely successful; . . . but it contains more remarkable characters than any five ordinary novels and it has its pages of incomparable comedy." The reverse happened with the review of "Manta" [*SR* June 13], which was accompanied by a photograph of the author, Hans Hass, and the caption (taken from the review) "quite a book." The favorable impression thus created was quite unjustified. The quotation was lifted from the end of a rather unfavorable report on the book: "When something interesting happens to him, he [Mr. Hass] ought to be able to write quite a book."

STANLEY B. GREENFIELD.

Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For SR's Timebound caption writer a much deserved rap over the knuckles.*

MAGNIFIED INANITY

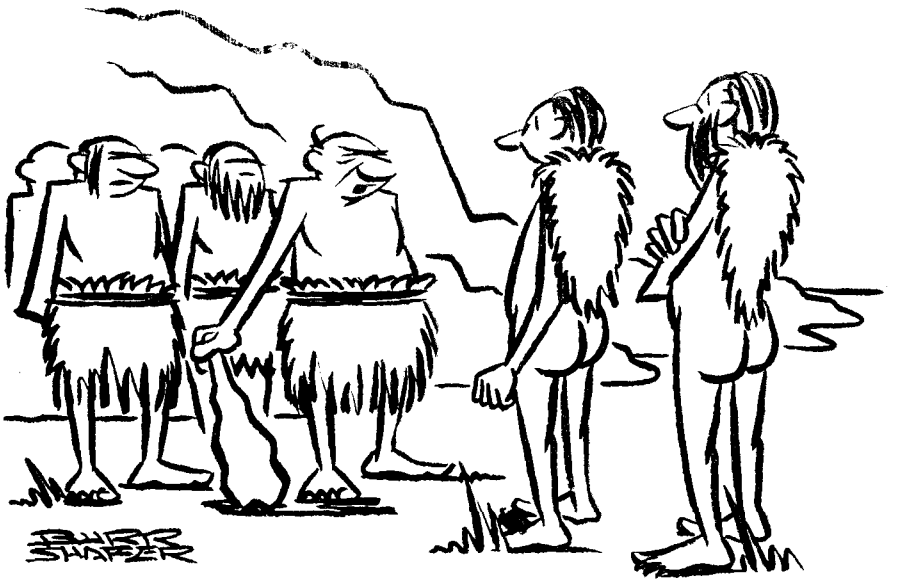
IT MIGHT BE a good thing if every Hollywood producer did what I have done after reading Arthur Knight's recent article "Movies Are Wider Than Ever" [*SR* May 16]. I pasted to my mirror your truly aphoristic comment: ". . . inanity magnified to six times its normal proportions is scarcely any the less inane." This timely reminder has applications in numberless situations.

JOHN J. DRESUP.

Dayton, O.

PRINCIPLE OF COMPENSATORY SHOCK

PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL has raised the question of possible high-level talks with Soviet Russia. No one knows whether, even if such talks are held, any basic agreements relating to the peace can be reached. However, it is of the utmost importance that some agreements be concluded on what will happen in the event of war.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why? I don't know why—but if you want to stay here you'll have to do things our way."

As an astrophysicist working in the field of electromagnetic forces, I have been concerned for some time about the possibility that multiple hydrogen bomb explosions on only one side of the globe will upset the delicate equilibrium of the earth with respect to the sun. I do not mean to suggest that the earth will be knocked off its course by atomic explosions. Atomic physicists and astrophysicists are agreed that the earth's orbit will be unaffected by atomic war. What concerns me is the fact that there may be an almost imperceptible dislocation caused by a larger number of fusion bombs detonated at one time in one area —let us say, fifty or sixty within the span of an hour in the area bounded by New York, Chicago, and Dallas.

The earth is 93,000,000 miles from the sun. Uncompensated shocks might create a deviation of perhaps 1/10,000 of 1 per cent in our distance to the sun, nearer or farther. This deviation becomes important because it could result in a serious temperature shift of almost 115 per cent. This would mean a daily temperature change to an average of 146 degrees in the temperate zones, and an average of 212 degrees in the tropical zones. Such a temperature shift might cause a melting of the polar ice cap, resulting in the threat of inundation to our coastal areas.

I do not wish to sound like an alarmist. There is no reason why the human species, possessing remarkable adaptability, cannot adjust itself to the new temperature range following the next war. But this would involve colossal effort and cost. Each person would have to wear cumbersome temperature suits and pressure equalizers somewhat similar to the so-called space suits now worn by high-altitude aviators. Private homes as we know them now would have to be reconstructed with new heat-resistant metals. In fact, it might be preferable to go underground altogether.

A possible answer to this problem caused by a fusion-bomb war may lie in the direction of the principle of compensatory shock. That is, we could probably maintain our present temperature variations if the world's statesmen could agree to detonate the fission and fusion bombs simultaneously on opposite sides of the globe. Fortunately, the United States and Soviet Russia are so situated. If some agreements could be worked out whereby bombing could be carried on simultaneously by and on both countries, each could offset the other in terms of the disturbance to the earth's equilibrium.

I see possible military disadvantages to such an agreement. It will be argued that this would eliminate the factor of surprise, always vital for successful military operations. Yet there could still be surprise as to the precise place of attack. After all, both Russia and the United States present extensive targets, with hundreds of cities from which to choose. The only agreement need be on the *timing* and *volume* of the attacks. Only the mass raids need be regulated.

As I said at the outset, it is to be hoped that any top-level discussions among the big powers would come to workable agreements in this highly critical matter concerning earth-safety in the detonation of the new weapons. It goes without saying that absolute safety is to be realized only in averting the war altogether. But any observations by me on the failure of human intelligence and

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(Continued from page 29)

may trespass on the domain of my colleagues in the social sciences. My specialty, as I say, has been [illegible]

Cambridge, Mass.

"PAPER CURTAIN"

IN *SR* JUNE 6, the celebrated philosopher Karl Jaspers said of "The Captive Mind" by Czeslaw Milosz that it was "a significant historical document and analysis of the highest order." May I add an ironic footnote.

The appalling fact is that Mr. Milosz, because of the inscrutable workings of the McCarran law and the timidity of the State Department, has been barred from coming to the United States, although he has sought entry more than twice since breaking with the Polish regime years ago, and despite the fact that his wife and two young children are in this country and he has been unable to see them.

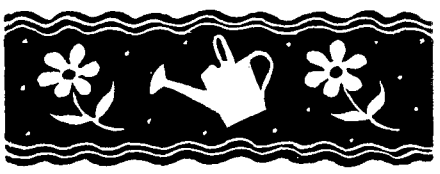
Milosz is one of the "representative men" of his generation in a double sense. Like Koestler, he is one of those refugee writers whose voice arouses echoes and reverberations among the intelligentsia. His articles have been enthusiastically printed and enthusiastically read. His book is being published in Britain, France, and Germany, as well as in this country. For the intelligentsia of the West he is the authentic spokesman for the artists and intellectuals now imprisoned in the satellite countries.

Milosz could have been a privileged and pampered "captive mind" in Poland. He was one of its leading young poets and intellectuals. He chose instead to break. His denunciation of the Polish regime, made in Paris two years ago, was widely applauded, and his subsequent literary work has been praised. Yet, having broken, he finds himself barred by an American curtain.

Milosz was never a Communist. Like many young Polish intellectuals he thought the new regime promised a better society. He was disillusioned. *Life* magazine, on March 10, 1952, editorially praised Milosz and pointed out that the failure to grant him a visa creates "an argument against the U.S. in European intellectual circles." Despite two years effort, Milosz has been unable to come here and rejoin his wife and young children. Surely at some point the paper bureaucracy in the State Department must find some courage to crash through the present paper-curtain immigration policy.

DANIEL BELL.

New York, N. Y.



[illegible] Europeans [illegible] Soviet [illegible] Communist [illegible] thousands pour [illegible] book-packets' doors-men and [illegible] concentrate [illegible] on filling the [illegible] orders which began for them with the outbreak of the Civil War, people determined to know more about the far-away colossus with whom their destinies are irrevocably linked. Of what possible concern could it be to them, or harm to us, that the author of a book on mathematics, physics, geography, or the master spinner of detective fairy tales may have taken refuge behind the Fifth Amendment, so long as the book is a good book and satisfies a genuine reading need? And will someone kindly explain to me what possible interest a foreign audience could have in the house-organ of a group of American ex-soldiers? As a matter of fact, one of the Embassy guards, a World War I veteran, used to send us his used copies of the *American Legion Magazine*. To my knowledge no copy was ever so much as leafed through. Perhaps the Senator's two young emissaries, strengthened by a detachment stemming from ignorance and absence of insight but holding Torquemada's torch aloft, know better than the rest of us. Perhaps, after all, the best and truest method of acquiring the genuine feel of a country is to ride from its airport to an expensive hotel and then back to the airport.

As for myself, I won't be inclined to go to Madrid for awhile. There are certain people I shouldn't want to face. One is a prominent Spanish librarian, a fervent friend of the United States, who used to come to my office seeking solace whenever the double pressure of State and Church censorship got too great for him. "Yesterday," he told me one morning, "I got orders to remove from the shelves all copies of Kant and Rousseau. I know it must be difficult for you to realize what censorship means. That's why I come here so often, to breath a little of the air of freedom, to envy you and your freedom as an American librarian."

The others I wouldn't want to face are the anonymous Spanish Government officials who paid the Library its greatest tribute by never once invoking Spain's stringent censorship law governing all foreign book imports, despite the fact that we openly circulated materials hostile to the Franco regime. I'd hate to have them know that a dictatorship can sometimes display more common sense than the world's greatest democracy.

AT THIS point I may add, although it seems superfluous, that I have never seen what any sensible person would call a pro-Communist book on the shelves of any Information Library, nor have I seen one listed in any of their printed catalogues. Contrariwise, the libraries of the British Institute, which approximate ours but have the great advantage of being only partially Government-supported, do not hesitate to stock any volume which seems to be of importance to the advancement of human knowledge, regardless of its political complexion.

In Spain, a nation which has been hidden behind an opaque curtain these last sixteen years or more, our Information Libraries have brought us an incalculable amount of respect, good will, and gratitude at incredibly small cost to the taxpayer. In the central library of Madrid 68 per cent of the city's registered physicians were regular users of the medical section, perhaps the best small collection in the country; university professors, particularly those in the field of political science, made a regular practice of assigning their students collateral reading from the library shelves; Spanish journalists came to us regularly for story ideas about the United States; Government officials up to cabinet rank could be seen any day at the reading tables, seated perhaps with a priest on one side, a laborer on the other, a democratic juxtaposition to be seen nowhere else but in the library of the Casa Americana.

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Dick Sheridan's "Scandals"

SINCE scandal seems to be a constant source of pleasure in all civilized societies, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," written in 1777, has proved a successful play to audiences of each ensuing generation. Perhaps because it reflects the attitudes of that era in which the United States was founded, it rings truer to Americans than do equally good Restoration or Elizabethan plays, whose conventions strike us as foreign and archaic. There is, therefore, no burning reason—as there might be in the case of "The Cherry Orchard" or "Love's Labour's Lost"—to put the play in a more familiar setting that would bear some analogy to the original and at the same time make the strange action more understandable to a contemporary audience.

Albert Marre's "The New School for Scandal," which attempts to do the comedy as a 1912 motion picture, is a gratuitous, though not uninteresting, project. Produced at the Westport Country Playhouse under limiting summer stock conditions, it is more concerned with satirizing the eccentricities of 1912 than it is with presenting Sheridan's wit and sentiment. June Havoc plays Lady Teazle with the squeaky bravado of an Imogene Coca and strays so far from Sheridan as to sing an untender ballad on the glories of "Doing the Arabian Ooze." While the rest of the cast includes such steady performers as Melville Cooper, Hurd Hatfield, and Bertha Belmore, they all seem a bit harassed at the task of playing Sheridan à la Marre, with an occasional dash of Havoc thrown in.

But the most important thing in the Westport production is Mr. Marre's inventiveness. This young man, who last season skyrocketed from Cambridge's Brattle Square to New York's City Center, has a hyperthyroid imagination which helps him contrive unusual bits of business for his actors. In "The School for Scandal" he devises an amusing slinky gait for Lady Sneerwell, an expertly hilarious shell game in which Lady Teazle carries on a conversation while exiting and entering through a series of doorways, with Sir Peter and the audience invariably awaiting her at the wrong portal, and a mannered exchange between Snake and Lady Sneerwell with applications of nail polish serving as punctuation for the dialogue. In addition, he borrows the fantastic tango from "Façade" to heighten the absurdity of the scene in which Joseph Surface and Lady

—*Wells Studio.*

June Havoc plays Lady Teazle "with . . . squeaky bravado."

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sinks to such ordinary hokum as having Lady Teazle use the shiny bald head of one of the characters as a mirror in which to straighten her hair.

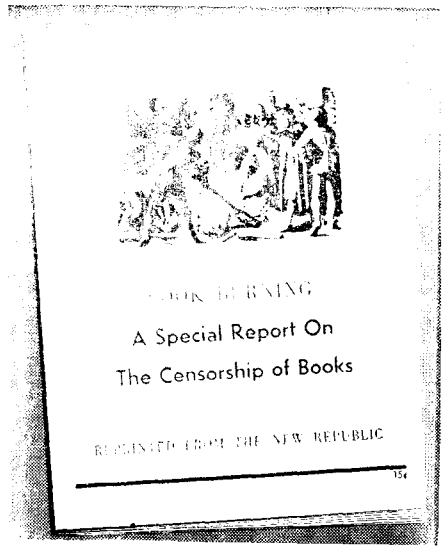
While these inventions are momentarily delicious, they do not add up to very much. In fact, they subtract. Mr. Marre's talent and gumption are welcome in the theatre, but he must somehow acquire the taste to discard those notions which rush up blind alleys and to develop those which would extend the play in the direction it was intended to move.

ON the other hand, a more traditional production of "The School for Scandal" given at the Theatre de Lys moves in the proper direction but with such sobriety and slowness that a great deal of the humor perishes of inertia.

Terese Hayden, evidently believing that American actors should be able to do Sheridan without the artificiality that marks British productions, has produced all cake and no frosting. Is there not a kind of native artificiality that Americans can use for witty delivery? That indeed there is is suggested by the brief and brilliant performance of Sidney Armus (formerly the social director in "Wish You Were Here"). Playing Snake in a sensitively controlled and reptilian manner, Mr. Armus evokes a calculated cerebral laughter from the audience, and establishes himself as an extremely promising theatre talent.

Of the other performers, the beauteous Patricia Neal, with her Katharine Hepburn intonations, lacks the wicked charm of our more electrifying untamables. David Stewart, whose jaded sadness was so effective in "Camino Real," comes across as merely insipid and languorous in the role of the hypocritical Joseph Surface. John Heldabrand stubbornly refuses to play Sir Peter as the foolish old man he is, and there is no joy in seeing him gulled. Leon Janney puts a bit of Bobby Clark into his Sir Benjamin Backbite.

This "School for Scandal" has the same deficiencies that make the whole De Lys project something of a disappointment. With the opportunity of doing some original and daring theatre, Miss Hayden has instead chosen to do little more than prove that she can produce plays as innocuously as anyone else—with less money. Since she and Mr. Marre are two of our brightest young director-producers, their respective failures with Sheridan's classic are not good omens for the future of our theatre. —HENRY HEWES.



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Stereoscopic, Stereophonic, Stereotyped

IT WOULD be sheer madness to attempt a full report on each new Hollywood venture into the realm of third dimension. The assembly line is now in full-scale operation and the "depthies" come clanking off it in terrifying profusion, each studio dashing its offerings into distribution while the novelty of 3-D is still hot. And yet it would seem that the day for ordinary 3-D is already passing. The next, and perhaps ultimate, step has already been taken with the release of "Fort Ti," "It Came from Outer Space," "The Charge at Feather River," and—coming shortly—M-G-M's "Arena." In each of these, stereoscopic photography (with glasses) has been combined with wide screens and stereophonic sound. The result—barring mechanical failures that keep cropping up with embarrassing frequency in the new systems—notably overcomes the diminution of actors and the sense of a severely restricted window on the world, two of the criticisms most frequently leveled at the first 3-D films. The wide screen, an irritating distortion in the "flats," here proves completely functional and proper; while stereophonic sound—placing a number of sound sources at various points behind the screen and even out around the audience—comes as a necessary adjunct to completing this super-realistic illusion. Now, as the critics have been urging from the very start, all that the movie companies need is something worth making a film about.

"Fort Ti" (Columbia), an epic of Rogers's Rangers and their fight to drive the French from Fort Ticonderoga in pre-Revolutionary days, was the first of these "super-depthies" to reach Broadway. It showed every sign of hasty construction, from its jerrybuilt script to a technically inept final section that looked as if it had been shot under water. The Warner entry, "The Charge at Feather River," has little more to commend it. A thoroughly routine Western, it is one of those affairs in which a tiny cavalry detachment manages to stand off most of the Indians west of the Mississippi until the main body dashes up right in the nick. Both pictures contrive to hurl just about everything except the 3-D camera itself straight at the audience. "Charge at Feather River," in fact, goes a little far even for a "depthie." At one point Frank Lovejoy spits square into the eye of his audience. Symbolism, perhaps?

More encouraging is "It Came from Outer Space" (Universal-International), derived from a story by Ray Bradbury, the ace of science-fictioneers. Like the earlier "The Day the Earth Stood Still," it argues that the people on another planet may have a civilization far higher than our own, and that their visits to this globe are not necessarily for purposes of invasion. Indeed, the space travelers in this picture are so very civilized that they assume the guise of the townsfolk they land among rather than frighten them with their proper shape. No such reticence, however, sways Jack Arnold, its director. We get glimpses of them as monstrous beings—bulbous eyes on serpentine bodies—moving cloudlike in sprinkles of stardust. There would seem to be every cause for alarm, and it takes all the persuasiveness of Richard Carlson, the local scientist, to prevent his townsmen from attempting to do away with their uninvited, unattractive guests. The scientist, as so often happens in science-fiction films, talks as if he had barely passed freshman math in high school, while the entire local population seems rather on the sub-moron side. But at least the producers of this film have nobly refrained from throwing anything at the audience. And this raises an interesting question. Aside from a few shots photographed from inside the domed eye of the thing from outer space, there is very little about this picture to suggest 3-D. Just how much, then, does depth really add to a movie?

* * *

Trickery of another kind is the theme of Paramount's "Houdini," a decidedly fanciful version of the life of that famous escape artist. Someday an enterprising script writer will approach biography with a view to giving us an insight into the character of the person who has become so well-known that his life story is worth making a film about. Philip Yordan, however, is not the man. His screen play follows all the conventions of movie biographies—the trick meeting with the little lady who is to be Mrs. Houdini, the time spent in a lock factory because the little woman didn't think there was any money in magic, a few of the more spectacular Houdini escape effects that oldtimers might possibly remember, and a tendency to telegraph every dramatic episode two reels before it takes place. As a result, this George Pal production is only moderately entertaining. We have seen it all before too many times, the same formula applied to musician, scientist, sportsman, and inventor. What does perk "Houdini" up a bit are the several interludes showing Houdini in action. Tony Curtis, playing the title role, is said to have mastered a number of the tricks himself, and what we see on the screen is real magic, not movie magic. His illusions leave little to be desired, although the same can hardly be said of his acting. Janet Leigh, who recently became Mrs. Curtis, makes a sprightly Mrs. Houdini. It might be well to add this is *not* in 3-D.

* * *

The distinction of producing the first 3-D cartoon (and this is positively the *last* 3-D "first") goes to the Disney studios with an attractive little reel called "Melody" (RKO). Smartly designed, wittily drawn—with perhaps a bow or two in the direction of the clever people at UPA—it points out that of all God's creatures, only the birds and man can make music and then goes on to illustrate how melody dominates our lives. "Melody" would seem to be introducing not only the new Adventures in Music series, but also a new and most welcome era of experimentation within the Disney organization.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Stalag 17: How plenty of horseplay enlivens the tedium of a German prison; the successful Broadway play faithfully transplanted. (*SR* July 4).

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Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the stage show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

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"Me and Juliet"—
One Hit, No Runs, Several Errors

NOT long ago the subject under consideration here was a Mozart opera ("Don Pedro") which was not an opera by Mozart, having been put together from odds and ends by other hands. Today we are concerned with a musical show by Rodgers and Hammerstein which is not a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical; "Me and Juliet" is its name, and it seems fated to be remembered as what came after "The King and I" and before Opus 7.

I see no reason, musically, for undue concern about "Me and Juliet." For it Rodgers has provided a superb tune: "No Other Love"—a superb tune, that is, when sung by the likes of Perry Como rather than the bird-voiced personnel who work on it at the Majestic Theatre. It is a palpable, nay a devastating hit, whose earnings alone, in the eons to come, should show a return for the whole enterprise. Every songwriter loves a hit—even as ballplayers do—and if Rodgers and Hammerstein aren't in there pitching in accustomed form, they have banged out a Mantle-size home run that almost makes one forget "Marriage-Type Love."

Rushing in where the angels, apparently, feared to tread, I would say that the initial fault of "Me and Juliet" is that it is built on quicksand—namely, the play within a play. Plainly this is intended to be a satire of the "preposterous" genre of musical comedy, but it merely proves that the talent to write a really bad—AND popular—musical show is not within the Rodgers-Hammerstein ken. If they had made it a really raucous extravaganza, with a Jimmy Durante or a Ray Bolger as vitalizing funny man, they would have a solid if conventional property on which to elaborate their show business fantasy. Isabel Bigley, Joan McCracken, Ray Walston, Arthur Maxwell, etc., are all talented people, but hardly of the stature to carry the load unaided.

To revert to the music, it mostly slogs in the vein of the play within a play, à la "Keep it Gay." Several of the production pieces (such as "Big Black Giant" and "It's Me") show the ease with words and the art with notes that are positively Mr. Rodgers as they are absolutely Mr. Hammerstein, but others are close to the twilight zone in which style becomes formula. Why, oh why, couldn't the play within the play have been a revival of "I Married an Angel" or "Boys from Syracuse"? That *would* have been the solid foundation on which to build, rather than the loam of "Me and Juliet." Probably copyright complications. Better luck next time, gentlemen.

* * *

Surrounded by airplanes, amplification, and echo, the thirty-sixth season of Stadium concerts opened late in June with a Beethoven-Mendelssohn concert conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with Zino Francescatti as violin soloist and a sizable audience in attendance. Even as city living conditions New Yorkers to dirt and grime, littered streets, and apologetic government, so the attitude seems to be that for all their obvious shortcomings the Stadium concerts are better than nothing.

The abiding virtue of the Stadium series is that it provides six valuable weeks of work for the Philharmonic personnel. With this no one could possibly quarrel. But it is no courtesy to Bernstein to pretend that his "Eroica" in these noisy surroundings was any part of the fine thing he achieved with the City Center personnel several years ago. The time has come for the sponsors to find a home in which great music can be performed with a measure of dignity appropriate to it, or revamp the plan to attract maximum attendance and minimum standards of judgment.

Record Week

THERE are few things for which contemporary recording techniques and reproducing resources are more suitable than chamber music for strings, in which the illusion of reality can be closer, perhaps, than in any other genre. How aware of this the producers of records are is evident in the virtually new catalogue of such material that has been created in the last five years. Indeed, a firm such as Westminster has done so much with the standard quartets that it can sponsor such relatively greater esoterica as string trios of Mozart and Beethoven and the virtually unknown early quartets of Schubert.

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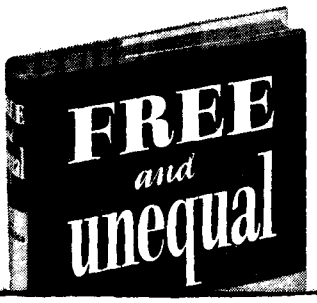

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By ROGER J. WILLIAMS
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number will be considerably swelled by the fine sound and robust style of the performance on Westminster WL 5191, $5.95. To be sure, it does not have the wonderful integration of the old Pasquier version in Columbia set 351 (the new one for Vox by the same players is not as good), but if Jean Pougnet, Frederick Riddle, and Anthony Pini cannot quite achieve the fraternal style of the Pasquiers, they do much more that is mutual than the Heifetz-Primrose-Feuermann combination does in the performance reissued as RCA Victor LCT 1021. On Westminster WL 5198, the same fine group of English players (Pougnet is that by adoption) perform the two Beethoven trios of Opus 9 with dependable taste and fine authority. Both of these are models of how reproduced chamber music should sound.

Schubert's writings of 1815—when he was eighteen years old—have been a closed book to most of us, but the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet shows us that there are many pages in it worth knowing. What they show more than anything else is Schubert pursuing the soundest course of development by repeating the history of the musical species. Beethoven, it appears, had yet to make his fullest impact on Schubert, who was still in the thrall of the Haydn quartets of Opus 76 and 77. But when such a phrase as the second subject of the B flat, No. 3, creeps out of the violin, one knows that here is a new voice, with a peculiar gentility, a warming unpretiousness not heard in music before. All three works (the others are a B flat, No. 1, and a C major, No. 2) are splendidly played, thoroughly Westminsterly in recorded quality.

—Irving Kolodin.

Seasons and Cycles

By Carleton Drewry

As summer, leaf by leaf,
Quits the autumn-turning tree,
Dissolves our identity
To roots that gave this grief.

So destinies divide
Themselves with every thought,
And in closing circles caught
Ascending, soon subside.

Our season, whence we learn
We forever come and go,
Is too brief to tell us, too,
Whether we shall return.

Comment on a Commentator

IT IS hardly likely that the new venture capital which Paramount Pictures has injected into the American Broadcasting Company's television bloodstream since the two organizations merged has anything to do with Gerald W. Johnson's quarter-hour, middle-evening presence on ABC-TV's Sunday schedule. Mr. Johnson is a WAAM-Baltimore origination and not a network-produced program. There are no evidences of a big-budget production as he sits in a studio chair, turns the pages of his "lively look at the news" text, and reads from an unpretentious music-stand directly before him, in full view of the "long-shot" camera. Nevertheless, this slight, bespectacled commentator, with rather stern, inflexible features and a mortgage-and-loan-department voice, is the only evidence of high-octane content I have been able to discover on the newly vaunted "super-power" Channel 7.

It is not that ABC-TV hasn't struck outward and furbished upward with Paramount; it is merely that the general effort has been more on publicity than on content. The new Sunday night "ABC Album" has been marked by some above average material and by fresh scenic opportunities for James McNaughton, the network's art director. Immediately following the "Album," which is the banner-end of Channel 7's new look, is "All-Star News," a forty-five-minute week's-news-in-review program, with ABC newsmen Bryson Rash, John McVane, and Taylor Grant. The inevitable thinness of the cover-everything approach and the downright dispensability of many of the potpourri film-clips are balanced by the positive contributions of the live interviews, which in recent Sabbaths side-lit such areas of interest as the Voice of America, Air Force research and development cuts, tornados, and U. N. reconstruction in Korea.

"All-Star News" features *SR*'s associate publisher, William D. Patterson, in a five-minute segment on the world of the arts; perforce a roller-coaster segment, but Mr. Patterson has managed in several programs to throw out remembrances that stay: a William Faulkner-Harrison Smith interview and a glimpse, with Percival Goodman, of bold vistas in contemporary religious architecture. The arts are grateful, in a thundering world, for a fast five. Surely, they deserve a slow ten, if not in this space, then perhaps on their own. Was it not Wordsworth who wrote "The gods approve the depth, and not the tumult of the soul"?

It is the depth of Gerald W. Johnson and not the tumult of the news which elevates him at once to the Everest peak of present radio-TV news commentators—high place, indeed, when the air offers some first-rate commentators, editorialists, and analysts. But all of these are earth-bound to the level of running report as filtered through their subjective biases, or of largely objective, responsible reporting with a tail-end bonus of interpretation. At their poorest they are shrill criers of gossip; at their best, experienced and able journalists.

MR. JOHNSON is a biographer-historian-essayist, and the mental 3-D, color TV, big screen, and stereophonic sound which he brings to the news is a fusion of this triad of non-journalistic disciplines. As a biographer he sees events in life-size, psychological scale; as an historian he illuminates them with the perspective of rear-projection; and as an essayist he shapes his views with humor, satire, and literary form. Harness these forces in a dry, almost a crackerbarrel, delivery of plain-talk simplicity of expression, and you have an arresting combination. Spice it with a courageously liberal cast of mind, and you have a refreshment of the air waves which is audacious, stimulating, and vastly entertaining, not to mention useful.

Mr. Johnson's mind is liberal in the Greek sense of being "fit for a free man"; he gives no blind devotion to any creed. Thus, he ribbed both Adlai Stevenson and President Eisenhower for saying, in the erstwhile wake of Clement Atlee's House of Commons speech, that they knew no Americans who wanted the fighting in Korea to continue. Calling in evidence the public declarations of Senators Knowland and McCarran supporting Mr. Rhee's U. N. defiance, he remarked that "great men, even as you and I, sometimes talk buncombe . . . Where unity does not exist, appearances will not serve." He described Harry Bridges as "a slippery fellow with dubious associates," but he said that the Australian-

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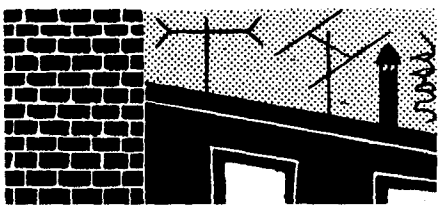
was smarter than the Government lawyers, and he urged the five-time legal losers to quit trying to deport him in order to "satiate the wrath of the West Coast shippers."

He found it comic for Truman to be urging us to back Eisenhower "even if we don't understand him," and for Eisenhower to attack Truman for betraying big business with "creeping Socialism," especially when the NAM and the Chamber of Commerce are opposing the President on the excess-profits tax. Only a satirist like Dean Swift, he commented, could do justice to the Eisenhower-McCarthy-Dulles book burning performance. In a week reeling under the impact of Rhee, Rosenbergs, and East Berlin, he took time to tout Czeslaw Milosz's book "The Captive Mind" as the best anti-Communist propaganda ever written, because its material is not the overt terror in Russia, but fresh personal evidence of the moral and intellectual degradation of intellectuals in Poland who are given every advantage by their Soviet masters—save freedom. Then he drily added that the Polish escapee who wrote the book can't get into the United States because of the McCarran Act.

RISING to his historical perch, Mr. Johnson counseled the President to stop being a committee moderator and take command of his political ship: he is a steward of White House leadership, and it is his solemn duty to pass it on, in scope and power full as he found it, to his successor. Does the brief portrait suggest a cynic? Gerald W. Johnson is a poet in his optimism. In the Atomic Energy Commission's report of the successful operation on an experimental scale of a nuclear breeder-reactor, he foresaw, "at one of earth's darkest moments," the realization of the long ages' dream of perpetual motion and "earth's last slave freed."

The Alfred I. DuPont Foundation has discerningly made Mr. Johnson the recipient of one of its awards. The American Broadcasting Company has discerningly offered him to viewers as their TV Elmer Davis. There is much to be said for the state of our union when it is both safe and possible for the public to discern him.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



Continued from page 19

book to Hamoudi, his foreman and helper in many expeditions. Hamoudi was a remarkable individual who knew how to move huge blocks with primitive tools that modern machinery would not budge. One day Woolley took Hamoudi to Baalbek in Syria and showed him a stone in the wall of the acropolis: it is over sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet high, and ten feet thick, a finely cut block laid flush with the wall face not at ground level but twenty-three feet up. Hamoudi sat in silence, looking at it for perhaps twenty minutes, and then rose to his feet. "I must go away," he said, "my head aches"; and as he went Woolley heard him murmur "By Allah, *what* a foreman!"

Previous preliminary explorations at Ur had convinced scholars that Woolley would find monuments dating back to 2150 B.C. and perhaps a bit earlier, but the world hardly expected the final result. Twelve years of excavating upset much of Mesopotamian chronology and history and pushed back our knowledge of Ur into the fifth millennium. The objects which were discovered are of such startling and incredible and unique beauty that it is well worth a trip to Philadelphia to see those displayed in the University Museum. And, of course, Woolley also found the famous flood deposit at Ur, eleven feet of clean silt. Under this lay the ruins of the houses in which had lived the antediluvian inhabitants. Here was proof of the flood, which the ancient Sumerians regarded as the outstanding disaster in their country's history, and out of the historic fact grew the legend which in the course of time the Hebrew people incorporated in their own sacred writings and handed on to us today, the story of Noah's Flood.

Another book by a master is O. G. S. Crawford's "Archeology in the Field." It is intended for the layman who would like to study not only the aims and methods and triumphs of archeology, but also its development to an independent status. Schliemann, for example, accomplished wonders at Troy, but he was under the spell of Homer. It is still a perfectly proper ambition to dig a site made famous by history, but the archeologist's business is not merely to illustrate history but to remake it, and this demands the excavation of many completely undocumented sites. By means of pottery types and so on, the archeologist must first establish a sequence so that his material is arranged in

[illegible] of culture. Then, [illegible] comparison of the cultures of different countries, a date must be assigned the various periods in terms of years. Crawford is blessed with an easy, if sober, style. The value and interest of his book lie in its authoritative sweep from early to medieval times, with some attention to Roman Britain: his chief concern, I should emphasize, is with the prehistoric and the primitive.

IT IS inevitable that archeology should generally provide a footnote to history rather than a new chapter. But think, too, of the momentous discoveries, occasionally the result of sheer luck. One day, during the period of Occupied France, a boy ran after his dog which was chasing a rabbit, and soon all three disappeared down a hole. In this way the huge and majestic caves at Lascaux were discovered, and with them the grandest Paleolithic art. Even if you are not a prehistorian, you can revel in the well-preserved paintings and engravings of sixty horses, two wild asses, many oxen, bison, deer, ibexes, a rhinoceros, wolf, bear, bird and "unicorn" which F. Windels enumerates in his "The Lascaux Cave Paintings" (1950). Then remember that estimates concerning the date of these paintings differ by many millennia and you will conclude, quite correctly, that archeologists not only have technical problems to conquer, but the far greater task of presenting a definitive interpretation of the mind of early man. In many respects we are still at the threshold of knowledge, so much so, in fact, that the wonderful gold dagger, found early in Woolley's excavation at Ur, was pronounced by a famous authority to be Arab work of the thirteenth century A.D., a judgment more than 3,000 years wide of the mark.

If A. Hyatt Verrill and Ruth Verrill do not write with the authority of a Crawford or Woolley, they have nevertheless succeeded in offering in "America's Ancient Civilizations" a pleasant survey of American archeology. The volume summarizes the early cultures of our own hemisphere and speculates, often unsoundly, about their origin. It gives the layman a wide range of information concerning early American art and science, food, religion and daily life. Like the other two books before us, it has interesting illustrations.

Taken in conjunction with C. W. Ceram's fine "Gods, Graves and Scholars" of two years ago, these three books suggest that we are now safely past the period of popular romancing about archeology.

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16mm. Tempest in a Television Teapot

FILMS are as essential to the television business as electrical transcriptions and recordings have long been to radio. In both cases there just isn't enough "live" entertainment to keep all the stations going all the time. Those of us who value the special significance of the non-theatrical film find much to deplore in the way TV is gobbling it up, by the foot, by the pound, by the carload. At the same time we must also admit that there are pleasanter aspects of the relationship in terms of enormous audiences and good financial returns.

Day by day technical innovations are making it more difficult to draw lines between the mass-communications media. Already we have seen the advent of closed-circuit big-screen television in movie theatres; three-dimensional 16mm. films have been introduced in several varieties; and the talk of 3-D color television in the home begins to sound like a not-too-distant reality. Even without waiting for a total merging of the media, we can see indications of their growing interdependence. The subject at hand concerns only 16mm. films and television, what they have to offer each other, and under what circumstances they are better off minding their own businesses. Borrowing from a rival's techniques, materials, and audiences is one of today's most highly prized methods of expansion. To judge by the present state of things, the non-theatrical film field will have to content itself for a while with the thought that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

First some statistics. There are over one hundred commercial, and one or two educational, television stations operating at present in the United States, while more than two thousand libraries are circulating 16mm. films for non-theatrical use. Television, however, has an estimated twenty-four million receiving sets in action, as compared with perhaps half a million 16mm projectors. Until we have a 16mm. machine that sits in the living room as permanent part of the furnishings, non-theatrical films are strictly for the minor masses.

If the 16mm. problem is in getting to its audience, television's problem is in finding material that will keep its audience. Basically there are three kinds of TV material—the spontaneous events, the specially staged television shows, and the motion pictures. Actually, films are used in the first two categories as well as the third. The question is this: How wisely is television using its films?

Much of the TV public's tuning-in is automatically directed to such on-the-spot events as ball games, wrestling, tennis matches, political conventions, Mardi Gras celebrations, congressional hearings, and the like. In many ways they are television at its best, these simultaneous viewings of real events which in themselves are "productions" of merit, requiring no special staging or direction from the TV personnel. Even when they are reproduced by way of films or kinescope, as was the outstanding case in the recent coronation, they give a sense of spontaneity, wholeness, and reality. The less they are tampered with, the better they are—whether "live" or of necessity filmed.

The staged shows take up probably the bulk of sponsored network television time, and here is where so many of the headaches lie. Variety acts, plays, discussions, music sessions, quizzes, comedy skits—some are good, some poor, and some excellent, but to my way of thinking there isn't one that wouldn't be improved by having been photographed and edited first on film rather than in the audience's face. These "live" shows, even the best of them, are most easily recognized by the inevitable fluffs, awkward or lost gestures, misdirected cameras, and badly timed connections of all kinds, including the important one between performance and audience. Nothing could be lost by putting these shows on film, for there is nothing spontaneous about them in the first place. The lines have been memorized, sometimes not as well as they should have been; the sets are painted and distinctly artificial; even the camera range is hopelessly cramped and limited.

THE filmed successes of Lucille Ball, Groucho Marx, and Red Skelton would seem to indicate that TV audiences want only good entertainment and have little or no sensitivity as to the kind of camera that relays it to them. The sooner television learns that there is a difference between spontaneity and stagecraft, the sooner it will be able to take steps in solving lems. At such a time it may also begin to make some headway in the battle of the budget and the wooing of the sponsor.

WHETHER or not television will want to increase its number of filmed productions remains to be seen, but there is still an abundance of TV time given over to film. Most of it is on 16mm. since cost and handling are much more manageable than on 35mm. Television uses film for most of its commercials, its credit titles, news parades, feature film shows, occasional documentary programs, and miscellaneous time fillers and background inserts. Much of this material is already shamefully hackneyed, but even the more laudable of motion pictures sometimes can be classed only as second-rate TV entertainment. In the motion picture medium, and particularly in documentaries, much of the attraction is the atmosphere, the background, the delicate shadings, which often fail to come across on the small and still shaky screens of even the larger television sets. Contrasting a film I had seen on my comparatively wide-screen (forty-by-forty inch) home movie projector with the same film on a neighbor's television set, I was astonished to see that an Italian hillside looked more like an Irish potato.

Television is so hungry for material, new and old alike, that it is in no position to show only films that can stand up well under its limitations. Films are literally ordered by volume, sight unseen. And heaven only knows how many times the same films are shown over and over again in the same community or even on the same station. No one even seems to care what effect this misuse of films may be having on television audiences and sponsors.

One of the latest twists is that some films that were made especially for television are being sold to 16mm. libraries after their TV runs are completed. One such series, offered for 16mm. purchase by the Text-Film Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, is the work of the March of Time. I am most unhappy to report that of the six 27-minute films I saw (on such varied subjects as Levittown, Dr. Spock, Eisenhower's Cabinet, Congress, Outer Space, and New Orleans), not one reached up as far as the level of 16mm. mediocrity. Except for one fascinating sequence in "Levittown" which showed the stop-motion construction of a pre-fab house, they were slow, dull, static, embarrassingly close-up, and vapid. It may be that all of them looked a good deal better when they were shown on

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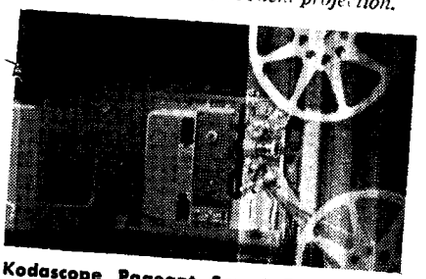

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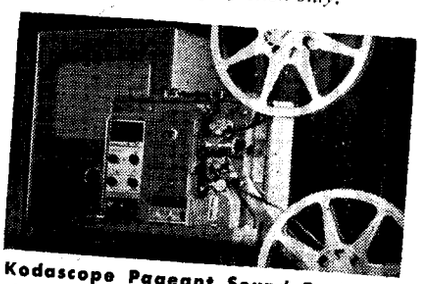

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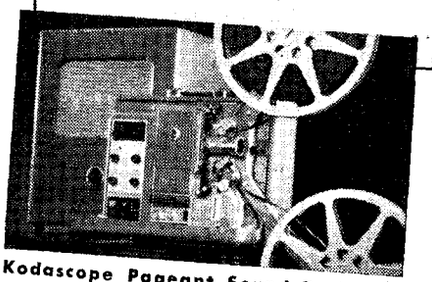

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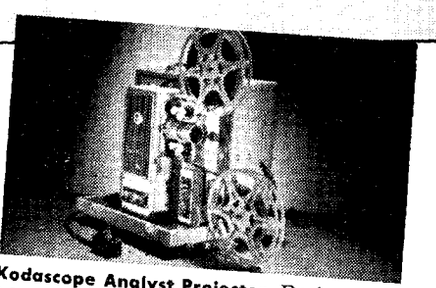

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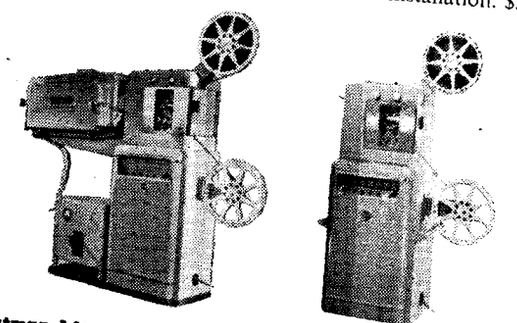

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tion must be applied before taking on television's hand-me-downs for non-theatrical film showings.

One hope for more amicable relations between film and TV lies in the renewed efforts of such shows as the past season's "Omnibus," which devoted an estimated 40 per cent of its total time to filmed material of various kinds. Some of the film had been produced especially for "Omnibus," (or rather for the TV-Radio Workshop which in turn produces "Omnibus") —one notable example being James Agee's five-part biography entitled "Mr. Lincoln" (which currently, it is said, is being re-edited for release to motion-picture theatres.) Some of them had been produced especially for television and were later acquired by "Omnibus," as was the case with the six dance films made in Paris by Jean Benoit-Lévy.

Some of the employed films came from the existing documentary film distributors—"Grandma Moses" and "Images Médiévales" from A. F. Films, "The Biography of a Fish" from Sterling Films, "Coronation Ceremony" from the British Information Services —all of which are also available for 16mm. rentals. Some were taken from feature films which have had subsequent theatrical distribution—as the selections from Walt Disney's "Peter Pan" and from Luciano Emmer's "Leonardo da Vinci." And some were produced under the sponsorship of "Omnibus" itself—for example, the at-home in Oxford, Mississippi, with William Faulkner. All in all it was a tremendous potpourri, in both the subjects covered and the sources culled.

ALL this represents great courage and enviable initiative on the part of the TV-Radio Workshop, with particular credit going to the show's producer William Spier and its film supervisor Boris Kaplan. But there is much more to be done in the year ahead, by "Omnibus" and its newly announced "Junior Omnibus" and all other television shows that hope to use films well. First of all, serious efforts must be made to strike out all the pseudo-culture that masquerades as art of one kind or another in an effort to disguise the fact that it is a deadly bore. The Paris dance films, for example, were generally held to be deficient from the viewpoint of both the dance and the film, and it is no wonder that audiences barely squirmed through them. Serious efforts must also be made to produce for television films of top-quality, of lasting interest and significance. The Faulkner film was interesting, but with a little more planning, budgeting, masterpiece.

If better films are to be available for use on enterprising TV programs, it is essential that relations with the film world be improved. Oddly enough, there is more to it than providing big audiences and paying high rentals.

Television must learn to boost as well as borrow. In this regard it seems inexcusable that "Omnibus," following the pattern of the whole fearfully competitive television set-up, failed to give individual credit to the men and women who photographed and directed such films as "Grandma Moses" and "Images Médiévales," and still more inexcusable that it did not indicate plainly and boldly that these films are also available for 16mm. showings in schools, homes, museums, and other places. Only by strengthening, certainly not by undermining, the positions of the 16mm. producers and distributors, can television assure itself of a vital and permanent source upon which all its artistically ambitious programs may draw. —CECILE STARR.

16mm. NEWS

PUBLICATIONS: Two recent books both slender in size and both published by the Channel Press, 1440 Broadway, New York 18, take into serious consideration the problems and potentialities of television as we now see it.

Hazel Cooley's **"Vision and Television"** (80 pages, $2.50) states an imperative case that educational TV be put to the fullest and best use. Roger Manvell's **"The Crowded Air"** (99 pages, $2.75) reviews American, British, and Canadian television, and relates this newest medium to the motion picture and to radio. Mr. Manvell's book is full of significant facts and insights, humor and intelligence.

More than that, it is written on the good-natured assumption "that the majority of the people who sponsor and produce television programs are men and women who want to give a good measure of entertainment and information to the great audiences watching in their homes."

* * *

CORRECTION: Last month's listing of the recent *Scholastic Magazine* film awards failed to include the 18-minute, color production **"Food As Children See It,"** produced and distributed by General Mills, Inc., 400 Second Avenue South, Minneapolis 7, Minn. It is an attractive and most useful

rent groups and the like.

* * *

To keep somewhat abreast of the current and choicest of the 16mm. releases seen recently by this reviewer, we inaugurate the following section of brief reviews, this month highlighting films made in Australia and other faraway places:

From the Australian News and Information Bureau, 636 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York:

A Man and His Dog (12 min.), the story of an Australian sheepdog learning his trade; fascinating for all ages.

Outback Patrol (20 min.), making the rounds with a backwoods constable and his two aborigine assistants, with a sequence on "tracking" which even Sherlock Holmes would have found admirable.

Antarctic Vigil (15 min., color), Australia's weather research stations in the Antarctic region, with a captivating account of the penguin population of the islands.

From Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois:

Hindu Family (10 min.), a nicely paced story about Hinduism as a way of life; for classroom learning or for outside enjoyment.

Japan—Eighty Million Mouths To Feed (12 min., color), how the Japanese people gain sustenance from t land and the sea; striking color pho tography, good enough commentary, and all-around attractive production (marred only by poor music). Photographed and directed by Dickson Rich.

Life in the Sahara (12 min., color), very lovely pictures of desert places and people; informative and handsome from beginning to end—a "must" for the classroom.

Remnants of a Race (18 min., color), an anthropological record of South Africa's primitive Bushmen in the Kalahari desert, with scenes of their search for food and water, their customs and their rituals; mature commentary, absorbing pictorial material.

—C. S.

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Dig That Crazyre-vykomedielystspilfarce

COPENHAGEN.

IT WAS quite obvious that something had gone wrong with the advance arrangements when we pulled into the station at Malmö in Southern Sweden on the morning train from Gothenberg the other day. There to meet us was Malmö's fire chief, elegant in blue uniform and white hat. He was fresh from Jamestown, N. Y., and other metropolises of the New World, he said, and he was eager to repay to any American the kindnesses which had been shown him on his recent swing through the states. He forthwith whisked us off in his official sedan, a '52 Ford with a whiplash aerial that could have picked up WVNJ, a local station nestling in the fastnesses of New Jersey. It did manage, as a matter of fact, to pull in a number of fire calls, which the chief took on one of the car's three phones as we circled through the streets of Malmö on a sightseeing tour.

After a pleasant spin during which time the chief pushed the siren now and then to bid greeting to some of the local constabulary, we arrived at the fire house for lunch. I have never before had lunch in a fire house, but it was an amiable and distinguished gathering that included two barons, and the place cards were decorated with a photograph of a fireman in helmet and smoke mask playing a hose across each guest's name.

I had presumed we were lunching in the firehouse because it was a convenient arrangement for the city officials who would later show us the famous castles and other sights of Scania, as this part of Sweden is known. Once downstairs, however, the chief led the way to a courtyard where some fifteen pieces of fire equipment and city ambulances, which are also in his purview, were on official display. Reviewing a fire department is an accomplishment easily picked up, and we eyed with furrowed concentration a red Vespa, an emergency truck, a collapsing ladder-truck, a boat for rescuing citizens who fall in the city canals, and a frogman in full kilt who is instrumental in such underwater endeavors.

The fire department of Malmö being of such magnitude, there was little time left for pursuing the normal courses of tourism, and in short order we were aboard the ship that plies the narrow stretch of water to Denmark, not knowing whether through some quirk of communication we should be consigned to bring you news of Scandinavian fire departments for the rest of the summer. Thus disturbed, we spent the remainder of the crossing dividing our flitting attention between the seagulls who fluttered over the stern ensign in search of garbage, and the Danish ladies, steaming homeward, who sat on deck puffing contentedly on black cigars.

Since that day I have heard the Copenhagen fire department and can report to you that in place of sirens they use a moaning horn along the order of those popular with the *pompiers* of Paris. Beyond that, however, I can tell you little of Danish incendiary matters. On the other hand, I can with some authority bring to your attention that Danish ladies who smoke cigars are Danish ladies, that Danes have a passion for open-faced sandwiches, that they have an amusement park in the middle of the city, that one out of two have bicycles, that one out of four live in Copenhagen, that Danish pastry is called Vienna bread, and that Danes are not happy with people who pronounce Copenhagen, co pen *hog* en instead of co pen *haig* en. Unfortunately this includes Danny Kaye and the whole cast of M-G-M's musical "Hans Christian Andersen," who are spreading the joyful news of wonderful Copenhagen far and wide, but with the wrong pronunciation.

It might be added that the Danes themselves, who once spelled the place Kjøbenhavn, don't say it either way. They have since simplified the spelling considerably to København, which they pronounce keu pen havn, the speaker uttering the final syllable as if he had just swallowed his upper plate. The Danes enjoy inviting foreigners to say *rødgrød med fløde,* which is red porridge with cream and sounds like *roid-groid-meth-floy-the.* One of the town's favorite chuckles is attributed to Napoleon who said on a visit here that Danish is not a language but a sore throat.

NONETHELESS it will not be necessary for Americans to rupture their tongues over the local idiom, since there is hardly a shop, hotel, barber, or street vendor without a working knowledge of English. Some of the most involved words can be unravelled, including the current show at

Connecticut Yankee ... Inca Virgins

By THURMAN PRICE

IN 1911, Yale professor Hiram Bingham turned back from explorations in Peru's Grand Canyon of the Urubamba drawn by rumors of a greater unknown. Somewhere, he heard, lost for centuries in the silent fastness of the Andes, an ancient city lay hidden beneath jungle growth.

The future Connecticut Senator set out to find this fabulous treasure. Yankee persistence and the unprecedented offer of a *sol* (50¢ in our money) finally brought results. An Indian guide agreed to direct Bingham to a mountaintop where the ancient ruins of *Machu Picchu,* "the lost City of the Incas," were said to be hidden.

SLASHING THROUGH the trackless jungle, he fought his way up to a hut on a rocky ledge 2,000 feet above the Urubamba River. On both sides of him great granite cliffs soared upward another 2,000 feet sheer. Tremendous green precipices tumbled away to the white rapids of the torrent below!

"Hardly had we left the hut," Bingham writes, "and rounded the promontory than we were confronted with the walls of ruined palaces . . . partly covered with trees and moss . . . hiding in bamboo thickets and tangled vines . . . walls of white granite ashlars carefully cut and exquisitely fitted together. It fairly took my breath away! What could this place be . . . fine as the finest stonework in the world?"

IN Bingham's digging among caves and graves, he found 150 skeletons . . . all women! Research proved that his discovery was the last refuge of the "*Virgins of the Sun*"—Chosen Women of the ancient Incas. Machu Picchu hid these Inca Virgins from the Spanish conquistadors. The ruins, defiled only by time and the jungle, attest that it hid them well.

Today at Machu Picchu, *Paramount* is filming a new 3-D motion picture to be called "Legend of the Incas" . . . *and* today, Panagra, proud member of the Pan American World Airways System, can fly you overnight to Lima, the nearest big city to the ancient stronghold. By deluxe *El InterAmericano,* only daily DC-6 service to South America, you leave Miami at 8 P.M., arrive in Lima at 7 A.M. There's also tourist service, with pressurized cabins, aboard thrifty *El Pacifico* DC-6B's.

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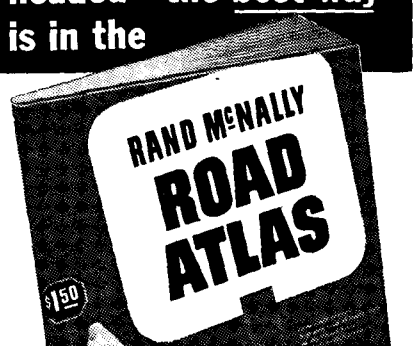

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as a *Crazyrevykomedielystspilfarce*. The annual summer review at the Dagmar Theatre carries the rather uninvolved title of "Hallo" and is fraught with enough American references to keep the overseas visitor from slumbering through the Danish dialogue. The Danes seem, too, to have captured the American flair for salesmanship, and theatregoers at the Dagmar are met in the lobby by an attractive and rather scantily clad young lady curled up in a tank of water who dispenses free samples of pickled herring.

On stage there were a variety of allusions to the magic properties of chlorophyll; the curtailed capabilities of Christine Jorgensen, whose revision was, of course, accomplished under Danish auspices; to President Eisenhower, who was said to have divorced his wife because she showed up with a dress of *taft,* the Danish word for taffeta. A monologue by Marguerite Visby dressed as Charlie Chaplin in which she rather baldly chides the U.S. for its position in the Chaplin case is considered the hit of the show, and at least one shop window in the city has an extravagant display advertising the act. When Miss Visby told about the "largest country in the world" keeping out "the sad little clown because he said something against popular opinion," a Danish lady in the adjoining seat got to her feet and shouted "bravo!" —a bit of theatrics obviously designed for my American benefit.

There are no politics to mar the simple pleasures of Tivoli, however, which is a magnificent amusement park of trees, flower beds, and colored lights covering 850,000 square feet in the heart of the city. Nine cents will get you through the turnstiles into a world of open-air stages for ballet, pantomime theatre, and international vaudeville acts, of free concerts, dancing, and some twenty-one restaurants, including the immense Wivex and the glass-walled Belle Terrasse. There are roller coasters, fun houses, boat rides, and shooting galleries, and the dazzle of the carnival lights that outline the contours of the pagodas and mosques are reflected in a hundred colors in the still lagoons. Saturdays and Sundays the Tivoli Boy Guard marches, and the skies are split with fireworks that burst in a canopy of burning gunpowder over the bulwark of City Hall.

THERE are daylight pleasures too, not the least of which is having breakfast at the sidewalk cafe of Frascati's on the broad expanse of the Raadhusplads and watching Copenhagen bicycles. A *cafe complet* is served with a fat roll of butter, hardly less than a quarter of a pound, for each person, and the sparrows swoop down from the lofty towers to stand at one's table and nibble rich black bread from one's fingers. The tintype photographers in spotless white frock coats set up their cameras on the square and then come the *polser* vendors in their vertical white carts, selling oversized frankfurters and undersized rolls, followed by the ice cream hawkers offering Hawaii Is, and other brands. Looking down, minute but imposing from a three-story pedestal are a pair of bronze lur players who are locally said to blow their ancient horns each time a virgin passes.

Down at the fish market each morning the fishwives sit under a classic statue to themselves cleaning and selling red roe, brown crab claws, a flat fish called red spots, and white, skinned cod (which was a slow-moving item until they changed the name from sea cat). In season there are horned fish that the English don't eat but the Danes adore, and there is herring and also eel. The fishwives live ten kilometers from Copenhagen, and in the old days they brought their fish with them, but now they come in the early hours and buy from the fishermen who bring their catch up the Frederiksholms Kanal in perforated skiffs that are towed while half-submerged until they reach the market. It is an ancient and honorable profession, being a fishwife in Copenhagen, and the dean of the trade is an eighty-three-year-old lady still nimble with an eel, who started on the cobblestoned corner when she was fifteen. No distinction marks one fishwife from another except that some still wear national costumes and those who sit on the sunny side of the market wear hats of folded newspaper. Looking down are the seagulls on endless whirling sorties, and across the street, like a guardian, is the ancient green face of Krogs, most famous of the fish restaurants.

Down the canal is the flower market, which is really a collection of barges anchored along the street in the shadow of the Stock Exchange. And a few blocks away is Nyhavn, a colorful street of three-masted schooners and such establishments as the Dixy Bar, Cafe Texas, and Tato Jack's Tatouering, where Swedes come to get their arms adorned with mermaids. Beer, which is *øl* in Danish, is the local mouthwash down here, and once well *øled,* the pastime reverts to rendering the Swedish sailors unconscious and insolvent in that order. Where Parisian ne'er-do-

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with care and finesse. here the lads walk up to you as one did to me the other night, opening with, "Hey, Sven!" But schnaps and a glass of Tuborg give courage to all hearts, and Marc Connelly, the American playwright who has all the pugilistic capabilities of Lillian Gish, pushed away a table of empty aquavit glasses in Tivoli the other night and said, "Well, what do you say we go down to Nyhavn and roll a Swedish sailor?"

ALTHOUGH most persons would be inclined to take offense, the Danes are rather proud of the fact that the French occasionally refer to them as "the people with the ridiculous stomachs."

Eating is a rather important consideration here, and the traveler might just as well be initiated at Oskar Davidsen's, which serves 177 different kinds of open-faced sandwiches, printing them on a menu that is well over a yard long. My personal vote for the most engaging dish is No. 5, *Rejer, Pyramidebelaegning,* which comprises 200 shrimps each as big as your thumbnail, piled in military order on a piece of bread. The best of names is No. 21, *1 stegt Frederikshavnerrødspaettefilet med citron,* or fried fish sandwich with lemon. For dessert Davidsen's has crisp pancakes with a wad of ice cream hidden inside, the whole thing doused with a syrupy black-currant rum.

Au Coq d'Or is a blend of French overtones on a solid Scandinavian base. The decor is that friendly crisp through the room to shake hands, and the wonderful fish dishes are, as the owner so stated, "prepared under a prescription from Escoffier." Nobody ought to miss either the Seven Small Horses or 7 Smaa Hjem, where an appetizer consisted the other evening of one whole fried fish, two rolled herrings, four potatoes, puree of spinach, and a hard-boiled egg. The dessert was brought to the table in a vase of ice under the escort of a pair of four-inch sparklers that threw a fountain of fireworks to port and starboard of the tray.

Since steak is running about $1.23 in the town's better restaurants and a special chocolate soufflé for two ordered in the Palace Hotel was exactly $1.36, one ought to be solvent before reaching the shops if not after. However, the AmagerTorv, which is the main shopping center, has been the undoing of many a man, what with Royal Porcelain and Bing and Grondahl, the world-famous china houses standing side by side, and Hans Hansen and Georg Jensen, the silversmiths, not far off. Illums Boligh-us has a distracting display of modern lighting fixtures at incredible savings, clean-lined Danish furniture, and all sorts of gifts in fine woods, not to mention a department for stainless steel tableware. Those pleated paper and white plastic lampshades that are sweeping the U.S. are made here and sold as low as $3. Five dollars will get you an outstanding design, and the weight is negligible if transportation is a consideration. The best of Danish goods have been brought together under one roof called The Permanent, which is to say it is a permanent exhibition of local crafts—ceramics, toys, furniture, fabrics, just about everything worthy of inclusion and all of it for sale.

Another good buy are cigars, which are made here in a wide assortment of shapes, sizes, odors, and asphyxiative powers, at prices as low as fifty for $2.

At such rates even the women can't afford to abstain, and indeed it is a common sight to see a couple of gentle, white-haired grandmothers puffing away on a fat cheroot. One with extreme gentility the other day was sipping her coffee and puffing from a double-ringed holder, one ring around her cigar connected to the other around her index finger. Anyway, cigars make a wonderful gift to bring back home. Perfume has been done to death, and besides there is nothing that mother would rather have on Mother's Day than a box of fine one krone Coronas.

—HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope. 2. "Hilda Lessways," by Arnold Bennett. 3. "Mutiny on the Bounty," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. 4. "Vanity Fair," by W. M. Thackeray. 5. "Cranford," by Elizabeth Gaskell. 6. "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. 7. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by George Meredith. 8. "The Marble Faun," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 9. "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley. 10. "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 11. "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot. 12. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 13. "The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy. 14. "This Side of Paradise," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. 15. "King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard. 16. "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington. 17. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. 18. "Joseph Andrews," by Henry Fielding. 19. "Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. 20. "Tono-Bungay," by H. G. Wells.

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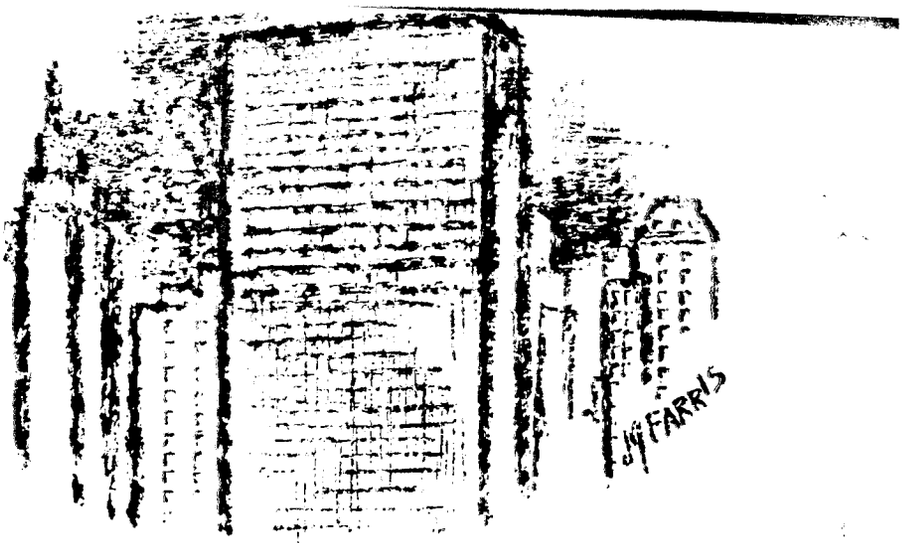
Continued from page 15

of the individual which, he contends, breeds a social and psychological insecurity which displays itself in many ways. He sees American individualism as expressing itself in privacy in the home as between parents and children, in the lack of authority of parents over children, and in contempt for the aged and the desire to remain young. He remarks on the freedom of American women and the equality of the sexes. He views American marriages as based upon romantic love as between two individuals and thinks that here is one reason for the instability of the family and the rising divorce rate. In contrast, he describes the Chinese family as having no privacy and believes that children reared in it are better prepared for the shock of moving into the world of the school and of adults than are those of the United States.

At times Professor Hsu appears to be extolling Chinese culture as superior to that of America. Yet he attempts to be objective. Moreover, he not only recognizes the problems which its distinctive features bring to the United States. He also has a chapter on what he denominates as Chinese weaknesses. Among the latter he puts the static character of Chinese culture, the absence of revolution, the lack of science, and restricted musical development.

The search for the sources of these underlying differences has a fascination for Professor Hsu and he believes that he has found, if not all the answers, at least some clues to them.

As one comes to the last page and puts down the book, one wonders whether, with all his erudition and acute observation, the author has really penetrated below the surface of American life. Again and again the American finds himself, he hopes not defensively, recalling facts which appear to him to contradict or at least to qualify some of Professor Hsu's generalizations. And if the American also has some familiarity with China he raises the question whether the way of life in that land which is so graphically and discerningly portrayed and analyzed is not rapidly passing, especially under the re-education and "thought-washing" to which Communism is subjecting it. To be sure, Professor Hsu devotes two chapters to Communism. In them he makes wise comments which Americans will do well to take to heart. It is not clear, however, that he fully appreciates the sweeping character of the present revolution.



Miscellany from the U.N.

The publications of the United Nations cover every field of human interest in every part of the world. Mr. Huth here tells how they may be obtained and describes four that are most widely used.

By Arno G. Huth

SINCE its founding eight years ago, the United Nations has become a major publisher offering, through books and pamphlets as well as sixteen periodicals, information of all kinds—about its aims and activities, about those of related agencies, about economic and social conditions in various parts of the world, about development projects and technical assistance, and about many other complex problems which international agreement can help to solve.

As the activities of the U.N. cover practically every field of human interest, its publications, too, cover virtually every field. Not all appeal to the general public, but every group of readers, even high-school students, will find some part of them interesting and valuable.

Conscious of the growing role and influence of world public opinion, and of the need for an informed public opinion, U.N. editors and writers endeavor to achieve a better understanding of the organization, to encourage and promote teaching about its purposes and principles, and to tell the U.N. story to a larger public. Thus, in addition to documents and reference works, specialized studies and official records, the U.N. Department of Public Information has published—or sponsored—a number of pamphlets and smaller books written in simple language and abundantly illustrated. Designed for laymen, they provide basic facts on the United Nations and its specialized agencies, stressing the economic and social achievements which, though seldom in the headlines, have frequently been much more successful than the political activities affected by the clash between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Characteristic of the efforts to publicize the United Nations, its objectives and operations, are two attractively illustrated booklets. **"Your United Nations"** (U.N. Department of Public Information, 50¢), of which 60,000 copies were sold in the first eight months of publication is a guide to the U.N. headquarters in New York, a souvenir for visitors. **"How Peoples Work Together"** (U.N. Department of Public Information, 75¢) condenses in a few pages essential information about the U.N. and the specialized agencies, their basic concepts and the problems they face. Educational in purpose and design, with many photographs and charts, this pamphlet serves as an introduction to the work of the United Nations.

"Everyman's United Nations" (U.N. Department of Public Information, $1.50), now in its third and greatly improved edition, is compact, yet detailed, a reference book for the serious student of international affairs. It contains all the data he needs about the United Nations, its work in the political, economic, social and legal fields, and about the specialized agencies.

Unlike the others, the **"Yearbook of**

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University Press in cooperation with the United Nations, $12.50) is an encyclopedic work designed for those interested in the history, structure, and accomplishments of the organization. It is the fifth in a series, previous volumes recording the affairs and events of 1946-47, 1947-48, 1948-49 and 1950. The latest volume, like its predecessors, constitutes a permanent record of debates and decisions, and of the world-embracing activities of the United Nations and the thirteen specialized agencies. But like many other yearbooks it suffers from the fact that it presents "past history" and appeals to a limited audience only.

U.N. authorities should perhaps consider the possibility of printing in advance, and of distributing at a low price, a few sections of the Yearbook, which are timely in character and of more general interest as, for example, those on Korea, on the Economic Development of Under-Developed Countries, on Narcotic Drugs, on Human Rights and Freedom of Information, or those dealing with major international agencies like the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), the International Labor Organization (ILO), the World Health Organization (WHO), and the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). A brief supplement relating recent events and inserted into every copy at the time of publication, would also be a welcome innovation.

THE four publications here reviewed illustrate, to some extent, the various types of U.N. publication. They offer, each in its way, valuable information and answer many questions people ask about the United Nations.

United Nations publications are sold in sixty countries, by more than 100 sales agents, sub-agents, and cooperating bookshops. Sales agent in the United States is the International Documents Service, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N.Y. ("How Peoples Work Together", however, is distributed in the USA by the publisher, the Manhattan Publishing Company, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.) Sales agent in Canada is the Ryerson Press, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto; in Great Britain, H.M. Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1. Orders and inquiries from countries where a sales agent has not yet been appointed may be sent to the Sales and Circulation Section, United Nations, New York, or to the Sales Section, United Nations Office, Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland.

Man with a Mission

Continued from page 11

Americans, regardless of their politics and no matter how isolationist their thinking might have been, to unite and fight as one.

In Washington Arthur H. Vandenberg, whose career in the coming years was to be intimately linked with Lodge's, also found his life and thinking changed by the news his radio brought him that fateful Sunday. His son has revealed that this kindly man from Michigan, with twinkling dark eyes, emphatically drawn black eyebrows, gray hair, a plump pink face, and a wide, balding forehead, was taking his Sabbath ease in a way he enjoyed. He was seated at a desk in his bedroom, which reeked of cigar smoke and mucilage, proudly pasting in his scrapbook clippings that recorded his long and vigorous fight against our involvement in the war.

Vandenberg had been the favorite choice of the isolationists for the Republican nomination in 1940. Now in December of the next year he was the leader, symbol, and internationally recognized spokesman of isolationism ("insulationism" he preferred to call it) in this country. At least he was until 4 P.M. on December 7. At that hour his isolationism ceased. He knew we were in it. Nothing mattered to him as of that moment except victory. He immediately issued a statement to that effect, then telephoned the White House and spoke to "Steve" Early, Roosevelt's press secretary, asking him to tell the President that, in spite of their many deep differences, he would support him without reservation in his answer to Japan. "In my own mind," Vandenberg wrote later, "my convictions regarding international cooperation and collective security for peace took firm form" that same afternoon.

THE war, so violent in its coming, was to change Lodge's thinking about international cooperation and collective security as much as it did Vandenberg's. They had known each other since 1937 when Lodge, at thirty-four, first took his seat in the Senate. From the start they had agreed about the need for altering the Republican Party even as in the years ahead they were to agree about the altered needs of the Republic in a transformed world.

When Lodge assumed office he was one of only seventeen Republicans in the Senate. They were a lonely group, a minority so minor as to be without practical effect. They voted mainly

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insignificant measures were coming up, they did not bother to vote at all. Instead, they went bowling in the late afternoon in the alley above the Center Market, where at least they carried some weight.

Although Lodge was eighteen years younger than Vandenberg, they had much to draw them together. Both had been newspapermen, the one having been the successful editor and jack-of-all-trades on the *Grand Rapids Herald*, the other an energetic reporter, with a flair for scoops, and a vigorous political commentator on the *Boston Transcript* and then the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Both had stories to tell. Both liked to laugh. Both had done battle as "Young Turks," those insurgent Republicans ("the sons of the wild jackass," Senator George Moses of New Hampshire branded them) who had rebelled against the Old Guard's domination of their party. Both at the outset had overestimated the protection offered by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. And both at the time they first met had been slow to recognize the extent to which air power had revolutionized warfare. Before the outbreak of the war, however, Lodge had become keenly aware of the change and Vandenberg was to concede it little by little because of the frequent talks he had in Washington with his nephew, a junior officer, Hoyt S. Vandenberg, who was later to be chief of staff of the United States Air Force.

IN SPITE of their friendship and the undoubted influence each had on the other, Lodge and Vandenberg did not always vote or think alike. Lodge, for example, voted for Lend-Lease, Vandenberg against it. Neither liked what he was called upon to do and both were fully aware of the meaning of what was being done. Lodge's vote meant he had accepted the inevitable; Vandenberg's was his last protest against it. This protest recorded, Vandenberg was determined to support the future measures the bill's passage would demand, notwithstanding his feeling, when the result of the ballot was announced, that he "was witnessing the suicide of the Republic." Both Lodge and Vandenberg knew, as the latter confessed to his diary, that when we chose sides and committed ourselves to all-out aid for Britain and her allies we had "torn up 150 years of traditional American foreign policy," tossed Washington's Farewell Address into the discard," "taken a first step from which we can never hereafter retreat," and linked our fate inseparably with Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Until the Japs struck, Lodge, power to build up our military strength and recognized we were already participants in all but name, still hoped we would supply arms, not men. Vandenberg railed against the Administration's "opportunist" policy of "war by proxy," and condemned as cowardly the idea of America's being half in, half out. He wanted us wholly out, though he was as sure as Lodge that we were being drawn in.

BOTH men accepted at once the new challenges and responsibilities created by Pearl Harbor. Within a week Vandenberg wrote to Roosevelt, overlooking the "active dislike" each felt for the other, to urge the creation of a Joint Congressional Committee on War Cooperation, and received a friendly answer. The champion of isolationism, a man big enough to change his mind and with a big mind to change, was already beginning to emerge as the apostle of bi-partisanship.

As for Lodge, the idea of "war by proxy" was one he found intolerable when applied to himself. His struggle to keep his country out of the war did not mean, once it had come, that by temperament he could keep himself out of combat. His opportunities for service in the Senate were such that there were no obligations for his getting into uniform and many good arguments for his staying out. Yet by May 1942 he had flown to Libya with one of the first American units to arrive in the Middle East. There as a major in the first American tank detachment he saw action under General Auchinleck with the British Adam and in the disastrous retreat from Tobruk to El Alamein when, for a dark interval, it looked as if Rommel and his Afrika Korps would sweep straight on to Cairo.

When ordered back to Washington in July, after he submitted what Stimson praised as a "most valuable personal appraisal of the military and diplomatic factors influencing the campaign currently under way in that theatre," Lodge expressed his eagerness to continue his military service. The Secretary of War, however, directed that he should be returned to inactive duty, explaining he could be of greater use to his country as a United States Senator than as a junior officer.

SOME Democrats, mindful in both Massachusetts and Washington of the strategies of other than military campaigns, suddenly realized that Lodge's Army record would not hurt him when he stood for re-election that fall. Accordingly, they saw to it that a ruling was passed forbidding a person to be in the Senate and the armed forces at the same time. This ruling, though sensible in practice, was political, even personal, in motive since there were no other Senators in the armed forces. Lodge fought against it as hard as he could, making clear his desire to stay in the Army and his resentment at being compelled to become a civilian again. He was the more irked because, though he could play politics with the toughest of them, making political capital of his uniform was a trick to which he would never have stooped and an

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DRAG THE DARK *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Pvt. Ops. Cóles and Speare mush through NY blizzard on trail of swiped jool and three-ply killer.	Well-paced and knowledgably handled, but some characters on goofy side.	Plus mark
WIN, PLACE AND DIE! *Lawrence Lariar* (Appleton: $2.75)	Harness driver's death stirs nephew to action at NY track; touts and dolls abound.	Flip style not easy to take; characters odd lot.	All corn and a furlong wide
STRANGER IN TOWN *Robert Bloomfield* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Midwest youth explores brother's demise; takes theatre job, tickets bad actor.	"Hamlet" theme stressed in overwritten thriller; plot creaks.	Shakespeare did it better
A TOAST TO TOMORROW *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2)	Reissue of 1941 spy thriller features Tommy Hambleton doubling as Hitler's top cop.	Setting (Germany, 1930s) gives this item an antiquarian flavor but—	—it's still OK
MOSTLY MURDER *Fredric Brown* (Dutton: $2.50)	18 short stories and short-shorts by competent manager, all previously serialized.	Multiple techniques offer agreeable variety; some trick shots.	Nice smorgasbord

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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curred to him.

THE ruling did not settle Lodge's problem for him. He continued to be torn in his thinking. After his re-election (he polled 721,239 votes, defeating his Democratic rival by 80,-197) and still in doubt as to where his real duty lay, he went with four other Senators on a 41,000-mile tour across five continents from July to September 1943 investigating the conduct of the war. This tour made up his mind for him. He was forty-one and far healthier and more vigorous than many of the young men or those his own age he saw in uniform.

He decided an older man could do his work in Washington. To the surprise of everyone (except those who knew him) he resigned from the Senate and went back into the Army, insisting that no announcement of his resignation be released until he was on his way overseas. After he had gone Vandenberg praised his action highly in a speech in the Senate. And before he left, prompted by a sense of courtesy which it is pleasant to be reminded does exist on the higher echelons of politics, Lodge called at the White House to tell the President, whose policies he had often opposed, of his decision and was cordially welcomed by him.

That afternoon (February 1, 1944) he received a letter from Roosevelt which read, "Dear Cabot, I want you to know I am awfully glad that you came to see me this morning. And I am writing you this note to tell you that I would do just what you are doing if I could. I missed being with the guns in 1917-18. It's too late now. I envy you the opportunity that is yours and I congratulate you on the decision you have made."

When Lodge returned to the United States after having served in Italy as deputy chief of staff, Fourth Corps, and chief of the Combat Liaison Section with General Devers in the southern Group of Armies in France and Germany, he was a lieutenant colonel entitled to wear a campaign ribbon with six battle stars and one arrowhead. He had been awarded the Bronze Star for bravery, the Legion of Merit medal, the *Légion d'Honneur*, and the *Croix de Guerre* (with palm). It was as inevitable, considering his career before the war, that he would go back into politics as it would have been unthinkable in 1941, or for that matter when he was at Harvard, that he would ever be our representative at such an organization as the United Nations. But the Lodge who came back and was elected to the Senate for the third time in 1946 was not the Lodge who had gone overseas.

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J. North American clam which in small size is the littleneck, next size the cherrystone.	188 155 8 61 140 115
K. Loss of commodities by sifting, etc.	17 147 110 126 121 94
L. A dye used chiefly for making red ink.	3 149 35 30 51 116
M. Title of supreme ruler of certain Eastern countries.	12 68 151 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Man recorded in heaven as loving his fellow men.	14 57 148 98
O. Ostentatiously smart.	81 48 45 95 150 184
P. The warmth sense.	161 75 79 179 27 82 50 119 63
Q. Uncooked food esteemed in Japan (2 wds.).	18 88 92 111 71 86 21
R. Self-division (term in biology).	168 136 74 52 118 31 7 153
S. Henbane; belladonna.	195 66 60 182 169 165 93 143 132 176
T. Faint nebulous light in the evening heavens opposite the sun (German word).	127 145 186 160 32 103 36 73 183 131 59
U. Term in mechanics for something inserted, as a wedge.	40 26 56 16 78 196 108
V. Destructive.	20 124 85 38 25 189 23
W. Certain member of the police force, so-called since the play "Ticket-of-Leave Man".	10 28 166 192 91 133 185 157
X. Strange little mammal of Australia, etc., which lays an egg in its own brood pouch.	128 191 167 100 90 29 163
Y. Various contrivances used in gold mining to catch and hold a mineral.	46 58 77 180 174 19 129
Z. The deriving of pleasure from the possession of anything.	193 120 135 43 139 175 187 9 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 D	2 E	3 L	■	4 B	5 C	6 E	■	7 R	8 J	9 Z						
■	10 W	11 I	12 M	■	13 G	14 N	15 C	16 U	17 K	18 Q	19 Y	20 V	■	21 Q	22 E	23 V								
■	24 A	25 V	26 U	27 P	28 W	29 X	30 L	31 R	32 T	■	33 M	34 G	35 L	■	36 T	37 A								
38 V	39 F	40 U	41 D	42 E	43 Z	44 C	45 O	46 Y	47 H	■	48 O	49 C	50 P	■	51 L	52 R								
53 D	■	54 A	55 E	56 U	57 N	58 Y	59 T	60 S	■	61 J	62 C	63 P	■	64 D	65 G	66 S								
67 E	68 M	69 I	■	70 B	71 Q	72 H	73 T	■	74 R	75 P	76 F	■	77 Y	78 U	79 P	80 A								
81 O	■	82 P	83 F	■	84 D	85 V	86 Q	■	87 B	88 Q	89 E	90 X	91 W	■	92 Q	93 S								
94 K	95 O	■	96 C	97 D	98 N	■	99 H	100 X	101 G	102 E	103 T	■	104 E	105 D	106 C	107 H								
108 U	109 B	110 K	111 Q	■	112 H	113 A	114 F	115 J	116 L	117 D	118 R	119 P	120 Z	121 K	■	122 D								
123 A	124 V	125 B	■	126 K	127 T	128 X	■	129 Y	130 E	131 T	132 S	■	133 W	134 H	■	135 Z								
136 R	137 A	138 E	■	139 Z	140 J	141 I	■	142 B	143 S	144 A	145 T	■	146 H	■	147 K	148 N								
149 L	150 O	■	151 M	152 C	■	153 R	154 F	155 J	156 D	■	157 W	158 G	159 F	160 T	■	161 P								
162 B	163 X	164 Z	165 S	■	166 W	167 X	168 R	169 S	■	170 D	■	171 A	172 I	173 B	174 Y	■								
175 Z	176 S	177 I	178 B	179 P	180 Y	■	181 C	182 S	183 T	184 O	■	185 W	186 T	187 Z	■	188 J								
189 V	190 B	191 X	192 W	193 Z	194 H	195 S	■	196 U	197 E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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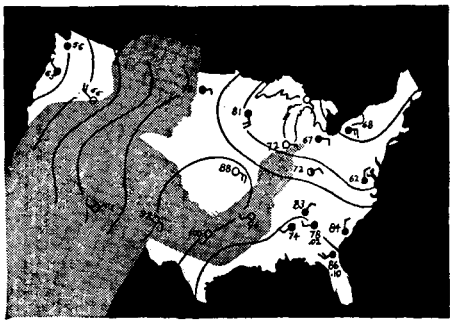
It is difficult to write a definition of the American Way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Don't shoot the  Weatherman

We don't know about the weather where you live, but in our town this year people seem to bemoan the weather more than usual.

Weather has always been a billion-dollar thief. Hurricanes . . . dust storms . . . tornadoes . . . floods . . . hail . . . crops washed away, blown away, or burned. Millions of dollars just to tidy up after weather has paid its visit.

The unknown facts about winds, waves and weather have long challenged the curiosity of research men. For example, in 1940, studying the composition of smoke, Doctors Langmuir and Schaefer of General Electric were asked to help the government in the improvement of gas masks. Then they developed a white screening smoke to protect our troops from enemy aircraft.

Tougher problems followed. Air Force pilots found that they lost radio contact flying through snowstorms—a condition scientists call "precipitation static." Another headache was the icing of plane wings.

General Electric scientists took these problems to the icy summit of blizzard-swept Mt. Washington, where 60-mile winds and 5-below temperatures are average in winter. There they began to probe deeper into the mysteries of cloud structure and the growth of cloud particles.

At the same time, weather studies continued back in the G-E Research Laboratory. Then came the historic day in November 1946 when a cloud was first persuaded to dump its snow to order—all because it had been fed a few handfuls of dry ice.

The study of precipitation static, then of aircraft icing, had developed through cloud studies to the first "man-made weather."

Because of its importance and wide application to the nation generally, all data and control of further experiments were handed over to the government. A contract followed between the military forces and General Electric for more research.

That program has now ended. But not before we had a glimpse into the vital possibilities of making it rain, modifying thunderstorms and hurricanes, clearing ground fogs near airports, preventing hail.

This is but one example of what can happen when research men of experience set about widening the field of man's knowledge.

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